ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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LIGHT-HOUSES.

"SAY, Jack, what do you think about our driving over to the Two Lights this morning?"

"A capital plan, the atmosphere is as clear as crystal, we will be able to look miles out to sea."

"Well, then, I'll order the horses, and we will be off at once."

"All right. I'm ready when you are."

The Two Lights is the common name for two light-houses standing about a quarter of a mile apart, on Cape Elizabeth, Maine. One contains a steady, and the other the flash-light, thus helping to better guide the mariner. Those who are acquainted with the shore of Maine know of its black, pointed rocks, some of them never entirely out of the water, all seeming like the everlasting mountains, in their defiance of time. One huge one, known as "Old Proprietor," stands as if keeping guard of the coast all the way between Cape Elizabeth and Old Orchard. It is directly before Scarboro' Beach, and woe follows the vessel that comes too close to shore anywhere between the points mentioned. There is a famous light-house on Mount Desert. It is not built on the shore, but on an immense rock, the light from it shining brilliantly for many miles, and so warding off danger from this perilous point.

And not alone is Maine, but also our entire coast is girdled with light-houses, as well as countries over the sea. The light-house system is of the greatest importance in commerce and international communication, and the light-house keeper, on whose ability and dexterity the management of the houses and machinery depends, on whose fearlessness, loyalty, and honesty the lives of our loved ones, as well as our property rest, should be counted our special care. We should know him to be worthy of trust, a positively efficient man, but, with the certainty of his capacity, we should not forget his lonely life and self-denial, but try and realize what he is enduring by holding this important position. Be sure, also, that he has a large supply of good reading matter, and not mentally starving. Do not depend on the appropriation from Congress to give enough for the six hundred and more light-houses along our shore, but let us send forward our own magazines and books. Believe me, those who have never known the joy of giving, excepting through appointed charities and associations, have lost a happiness for themselves beyond the possibility of calculation.

We, with our exhaustless supplies of literature and amusement, are scarcely equal to properly appreciate the feeling of what it is to live year in and year out shut up in a lonely tower. So "as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and put up a nice package and send it by express to the "Care of the Chief Clerk of the Light-House Board, Washington, D. C."

The first light-house of which we know

was the brazen Colossus of Rhodes. It was a statue of the Sun God, Apollo, and was placed at the entrance of the harbor. The flames which surrounded the head of the Sun God served as a guide to those navigating the Rhodian waters. This statue was cast by Cheres, the disciple of Lysippus, about the year 300 B. C. After standing about eighty years, it was partly destroyed by an earthquake, but a thousand years later, the Saracen owners of Rhodes, caring neither for its religious association nor its antiquity, sold it to some merchant Jews of Edessa, for the sum of thirty-six thousand pounds. About this same period, King Ptolemy Philadelphus had erected at the entrance to the port of Alexandria a tower of white stone, four hundred feet high. The architect employed was named Sostrasius, son of Dixiphanes, and he, not wishing to be forgotten, carved on the stone of the tower his own name. Also the following words, which he was commanded to inscribe: "King Ptolemy, to the Gods, the Saviors, for the benefit of sailors." The light from this tower was distinctly visible forty miles at sea. Josephus tells us that the Pharos, as it was familarily named, also fell into the hands of the Saracens, after standing about one thousand years.

On a rock nearly surrounded by sea, at the mouth of the Guadalquiver, was the stone light-house at Capio, and Humboldt also mentions the iron tower, which was the Tower of Conira, in Spain. Coming down more into our own times, we read about Tour de Corduan, at the mouth of the river Garonne, in France. This was completed about three centuries ago, during the reign of Henry IV. It was twenty-six years in building, and is probably the most magnificent light-house in the world. It is four stories high, each story being richly ornamented, and of different architecture. They are decorated with the busts of the kings of France and heathen deities. The first story contains state-rooms, the second, those denominated king's apartments, the third, the chapel, and the fourth, the dome. The tower is nearly two hundred feet high.

The Corduan serves as a guide to the shipping at Bordeaux, the Languedoc Canal, and the Bay of Biscay. At the time of its completion, the best known way of illumination was by burning small pieces of oak wood in the upper lantern. Later, a reflector was suspended above the flame, to prevent the light from escaping. The greatest advance in lighting was done by Smeaton, an engineer at the Eddystone lighthouse, in the year 1760. He used wax candles, but on account of expense, afterward employed tallow dips. In 1789 a French scientist, M. Lenoir, introduced Argand lamps, with parabolic mirrors, in the lantern of the Tour de Corduan. These were followed, in the same light-house, in the year 1820, by the dioptric instruments of Mr. Fresnel. They met with unprecedented success, and are now universally adopted. Intense electric light is occasionally used as an illuminator, so also is gas, in light-houses adjacent to cities, but nothing is better than lard oil, the light from this reaching as far seaward as it is possible for any light to be seen, and the expense being considerably less.

The coast of Scotland is notably reef, island, and rock bound. On Inch Cape Rock, or the more modern name of Bell Rock, Mr. Robert Stevenson erected a light-house. This was no small undertaking, those engaged in its construction once having come very near drowning. It is a round tower, fifteen miles out at sea, the nearest land being Aberbrathock. It is elegantly fitted up, with hard wood and hammer-work brass. You enter by means of a rope ladder, with wooden steps. The rooms are round. The lowest is a store-house, for supplies of wood and water, then comes another storehouse for oil, etc., then the kitchen, followed by the sleeping apartment, and the parlor, all

communication being made by oaken ladders, with brass rails. The work of building a light-house, by Mr. Alan Stevenson, off the Scottish coast, on Skerrymore rocks, fourteen miles from the Island of Tyree, reads like a romance. He says he first had to build barracks for his workmen on the Islands of Tyree and Mull, and then begin the foundation of the tower, on the only one of the gneiss rocks of the reef which was broad enough for the purpose. That a part of the time his workmen had to live on their vessel, the barracks being swept away one stormy November night. While living on their vessel, all suffered dreadfully from sea-sickness, at times rendering them unfit for work. They incurred daily risks landing and blasting the splintery gneiss, and in the falling of heavy bodies in the narrow, confined space. They were also obliged to live on salt provisions for six summers; but, in spite of all, good health prevailed, and the noble work on this rocky reef, of about a mile in length, with its many jagged rocks, was completed. And thus few names are more deserving of honorable mention than is that of Alan Stevenson.

Most of us are familiar with the Centennial birthday gift of the people of France to the American Republic, the colossal brazen statue of Liberty, the electric light from the torch in her uplifted hand directing the shipping of the world into the harbor of New York. Long may that shipping tell of "peace and good-will to men."

EMMA J. GRAY.

GUARDIANSHIP OF THE HEART.

GUARD well thy heart lest passion sweep
The chords; and God's sweet melody
Be lost; lest from the ruins leap
The spirit of unrest set free,
And o'er thy life dark chaos fall.

Guard well thy heart! rest not content
With visions fair. Unwearied seek
Till thou hast found the true love sent
By Him who watcheth o'er the weak,
Who heeds the suppliant's call.

Guard well thy heart! its throbbing life
Protect with jealous care. Be not
Dismayed, though bitter grow the strife,
And dark contention mark thy lot,
Fear not, He ruleth over all.

A MAN'S SIDE OF THE BATTLE.

BY

ISADORE ROGERS.

CHAPTER XV.

"MASSA BRADFORD, I has somethin' of consekence to say to yer."

Mr. Bradford had just left the house to return to his place of business when he was accosted by Sim, who met him with a most solemn expression of countenance.

"What is it, Sim?" he asked, encouragingly.

"Massa Bradford, I has reason to 'spect dat dar's somethin' not jest right a-sneakin' round dese yer premises," answered the negro, earnestly.

"What is the matter? What have you seen?" inquired the gentleman.

"In de fust place, I'se seen dat gemman dat dey calls Mr. Wellington, an' I has reason to 'spect dat he aint no gemman at all. He came las' Monday, an' I was standin' in de hall, waitin' to open de door fur him when he got ready to go, an' I heard him tell de missus dat Miss Lenora was a treacherous an' deceitful gal, an' if she didn't get rid o' her she would ruin de happiness of dis hull family; an' he said you an' Miss Lenora was plottin' ag'in de missus, an' dat you upheld de gal in her hatefulness an' stubborness in refusin' to marry dat count, an' throwin' away an awful good chance."

Mr. Bradford advanced a step nearer to the servant, excitedly, almost threateningly. "*Sim*," he exclaimed, warningly, "do you *dare* to tell me that my wife has listened to *such* words, and from *that* man?"

"I wouldn't, if 'twen't de *cussed truf*, Massa Bradford," said the negro, solemnly, and the master stood regarding him in angry astonishment, unwilling to believe that his wife would tolerate such words from any one, yet unable to believe that the faithful Sim would give utterance to such a falsehood.

"Massa Bradford," said the man, with serious earnestness, "I has been in yer house for more'n eight years; has yer eber known me to tell yer anything but de truf?"

"No, Sim," replied the master, after a moment's reflection.

"An' does yer think dat a man dat yer hain't catched in a lie for eight long years, is a-goin' to begin with such a whopper as dis would be if it wa'n't so?" asked the faithful fellow, logically.

"No, Sim," replied Mr. Bradford, slowly. "I cannot believe that you would speak falsely, but I do not want to believe that my wife would listen to such accusations against the members of her own household."

"Does yer think dat *I* wants to beliebe it, Massa Bradford? I doesn't want to beliebe dat dars any sin an' wickedness in dis hull world, but I has to 'cept dat fac', kase I can't git round it," said the man, seriously. "An', Massa Bradford, I'se got to tell yer de balance of de story."

"Then I suppose I'll have to listen," said Mr. Bradford, and the servant continued:

"Mr. Wellington said dat de count was very miserable kase Miss Lenora won't hab him, an' wants ter see her jes' once more, an' he talked till he made missus so sorry for de count, an' so mad at Miss Lenora, dat she promised to go on a 'scursion an' take de gal 'long wid her, an' dey are gwine to make Miss Lenora ride in a private carriage wid de count, so as to gib him a chance to talk to her, while de

udder folks go in other carriages, an' Mr. Wellington tole de missus dat she musn't let you know a word about it, kase you would only jes' uphold de gal in her contrairyness, an' if you was along, dey couldn't do nuffin' wid her; an' dis evenin' I heard de missus tell Miss Lenora dat she was goin' on a short 'scursion an' wanted her to go, too, but she didn't tell her dat de count an' Mr. Wellington would be dar, an' de gal axed if you was goin' an' missus got mad, an' told her dat 'twen't any of your bizness, an' she musn't ax you, an' when Miss Lenora wanted to stay wid little Eva, de missus tole her she was a willful, ungrateful gal, an' Miss Lenora got white as a ghost, an' said she'd go. Dar's somethin' 'bout it dat Mr. Wellington don't want you to know, an' he made de missus beliebe dat he was de greatest frien' she eber had, an' she mus' git rid ob Miss Lenora afore de gal tuk de shine cl'ar off'n her."

Mr. Bradford stood gazing at the man in speechless amazement. That his wife could be enticed into becoming a party in this villainous scheme seemed past all possible belief; and yet Sim never could have invented such a story.

"Go and tell Miss Leonora that I wish to see her," he said, at length.

The servant obeyed, and a moment later she stood in his presence.

"Leonora," he said, "in what manner do you expect to pass the coming day?"

"I intend to go with the senora upon a short excursion," she answered.

"May I ask to what place you are going, and in what company?" he inquired.

"I do not know; the senora only said that a small party were going upon a short excursion, and requested me to accompany them," she answered.

"Did she request you not to mention this matter to me?" he asked.

"The senora does not understand me, she does not know of the great danger that besets me, and she thinks that to consult you when she advises me to go would be to place your authority above hers, which she considers disrespectful to herself. If she only knew who Count Marengo really is, she would not censure me as she does. She thinks it is so childish and absurd for me to say I am afraid; if I could only explain."

"Not yet; the explanation will come in due time, but in order to successfully carry out my plans to rid you of all fear of this Italian, there must be no further revelation until the proper time arrives. Do you think you could be as brave and heroic in the midst of an exciting time as you were among the mountains and cañons while you were but a child, if I were near you, and gave you a full assurance of protection from all danger?" he asked.

"I fear nothing when you are near, senor; I know that you will protect me, but I am afraid to go from home without you; I would be so glad to remain with Eva, but I cannot bear that senora should think me ungrateful and obstinate," she replied.

"Go with her as she desires, but have no fear. I shall accompany the party, unrecognized by any save yourself, and will be within the sound of your voice every moment while you are gone. I have reason to believe that this is a plot to entice you into the power of that villainous Italian, and that Mrs. Bradford has been deceived into assisting in the infamous business in the belief that she is promoting your welfare by giving you another opportunity of becoming a countess. Ever since the evening when you first recognized him I have had him under constant and secret surveillance until he suddenly left the city, when the officers lost track of him, and this is the first news that we have had of him since, and if you can perform your part of the programme without exciting a suspicion in the mind of any member of the party, you can render us material assistance in

checking his criminal career," said Mr. Bradford.

"I will do whatever you bid me, if I know that you are near to protect me," she replied, confidingly.

"I shall not only be present myself, but there will be others promptly on hand, in sufficient force to prevent any possible danger to yourself. You have merely to do exactly as Mrs. Bradford bids you, and have no fear even when you encounter the villain himself, but leave everything to me," he said.

"I will promise implicit obedience, senor," she answered, and Mr. Bradford left her to complete his own arrangements.

Leonora rose early upon the following morning, and very much to Mrs. Bradford's surprise and gratification, she made her preparations with unexpected cheerfulness and alacrity. The subject of the excursion was not mentioned between the husband and wife until he was about to leave the house, when she said:

"Eben, I am going upon a short excursion to-day, and may not return till to-morrow."

"I wish you a pleasant time," he said, quietly, and went upon his way apparently as usual.

Mrs. Bradford started for the railway station with a feeling of exultation upon the success of the plan by which she hoped to accomplish so much in spite of all the opposition which she had encountered. What a triumph it would be to her when this grand alliance was secured, and both Leonora and Eben should acknowledge that they were wrong, and to her alone belonged the honor of this great acquisition.

A small party of select friends were already at the station, and Mr. Wellington greeted her with a congratulatory smile as she stepped from the carriage with her young *protégée*.

Mr. Wellington glanced round to see if by any possible mishap Mr. Bradford made one of the party, but to his great relief he saw no one having any resemblance to him.

As they were about to enter the car, a man wearing the dress of a brakeman came from the baggage-room, and stood upon the platform until the party had disappeared within, then followed with the air of one who had a right there, and stood at the rear end of the car until Mr. Wellington had found a seat for himself and Mrs. Bradford, and one a little further down the aisle for Leonora, then he took a position just back of the seat occupied by Mr. Wellington and Mrs. Bradford. While the conductor stopped to examine the tickets of this couple, the man walked through the car, and as he passed Leonora a little white paper fell into her lap which bore the words: "I am here."

The girl had already scanned every face in search of him, but had not even suspected that this man was not a brakeman. The lower part of his face was concealed by whiskers such as she had never seen Mr. Bradford wear, and a slouching hat covered his forehead, but as he returned she glanced up and caught a glimpse of his eyes as he looked at her assuringly, and from that moment all nervousness was gone, for she felt that, come what would, she was sure of protection. The man went back to his first position, and taking a newspaper from his pocket he was soon apparently absorbed in its pages.

After the lapse of a few moments, Mr. Wellington said, in a low tone, intended only for the ear of his companion:

"You have succeeded admirably! Did the girl offer any opposition to making one of the party?"

"She seemed quite unwilling when the subject was first mentioned to her, and I found myself compelled to use very persuasive language, but she finally promised,

and, with the promise once given, she seemed to feel under an obligation to redeem it," replied the lady.

"What a sagacious woman you are," said Mr. Wellington, approvingly. "Was your husband kept in entire ignorance of the excursion?"

"I had to tell him that I was going upon a short pleasure trip, but I did not inform him that Leonora was to accompany me, nor that the object of the party was to pay our respects to Count Marengo ere he departs from our shores."

"You have wisdom and sagacity enough for a commander-in-chief," replied her companion, artfully. "It is no wonder that you have always taken the lead in all important affairs of society. The most difficult part is already accomplished; it only remains to induce the girl to take a seat in his carriage, and when we arrive at the place where he is to join us, lest there might be something in her demeanor that might wound his feelings in the presence of all this company, I will so arrange it that his carriage shall stand at a little distance from the others, and we will accompany her to it, and I will assist her into the vehicle, which will be a close carriage; he will quickly take a seat by her side and be rapidly driven away, and she will be compelled to forgive love's strategy; and no doubt she will be so struck with the unyielding persistency of his attachment, and his novel device for securing an interview that she will listen favorably to his persuasions, for it is perfectly natural for any young girl to be pleased with a romantic situation, and you will have accomplished two very desirable objects—that is, you will have rid your household of a most undesirable inmate, and secured an honor for your family besides."

The face behind the paper was white with rage, and the hand that held it shook with suppressed passion. It was only by a strong effort at self-control that the man could keep from springing upon the villain, but he gave no outward sign, and the conversation went on.

"And I shall owe it all to your disinterested kindness and unselfish planning," said the lady, gratefully. "It is far more than the willful girl deserves from you."

"It was not for her sake that I have taken all this trouble, I assure you; nothing but my friendship and great regard for yourself could have induced me to even undertake to secure so great a matrimonial prize for your adopted daughter, but, my dear madam, we have been friends so long that there is no personal sacrifice that I would not make for your sake."

"You are so very, *very* kind," said the lady, gratefully. "I can never repay you."

"*I* can, *aye*, and with *interest, too*," thought the man behind the paper, "and *she*, too, will receive a lesson that she will not soon forget," he muttered, as an overwhelming sense of shame and humiliation at what he had learned made him feel as if he could never respect her again.

Angry and resentful feelings kept surging up until he felt as if he were suffocating. At length he rose from his seat, and entered another car.

Two other men were there with whom he held a short conversation, then returned that he might fulfill his promise to Leonora to be within the sound of her voice every moment of the time. At length the train drew up at the station, and the party descended to the platform.

Carriages were in waiting to convey them to a place previously agreed upon, and Mr. Wellington said:

"This way, Mrs. Bradford, and your daughter," and they followed him to a short distance, where a close carriage stood with a gentleman beside it, whom both ladies instantly recognized as Count Marengo.

He greeted them most cordially, with a

profusion of compliments, and, without giving her an instant's time for reflection, Mr. Wellington handed Leonora into the carriage.

Count Marengo was about to follow, his foot was already upon the step, when the reins were firmly seized by one man, and a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a stern voice said:

"You are my prisoner!"

The Italian made a rapid movement to draw a stiletto with which he was always armed, and Mr. Wellington turned with a start, only to look into the muzzle of a loaded revolver, and be greeted with the same words.

With a rapid movement the Italian made a thrust at the officer, at the same instant attempting to squirm from his grasp, but a strong hand seized his arm, and in a very few seconds he was disarmed and handcuffed.

Mr. Wellington took the matter more coolly, and, though white as death and trembling with excitement, he demanded, haughtily:

"To whom am I indebted for this outrage?"

"To your own disinterested kindness and undying friendship," said a mocking voice beside him. The voice was hoarse with passion, but recognizing his own oft-repeated words, he knew that by some means he was betrayed.

"I demand an explanation! You have mistaken your man, and I will not submit to such an outrage in the presence of these ladies," he said, with as much coolness as he could command.

Mrs. Bradford stood in speechless astonishment until the words of Mr. Wellington seemed to offer an explanation, and she shrieked out:

"You *certainly have* made a mistake; this is Mr. *Wellington*, and *that* gentleman whom those officers have so shamefully treated is *Count Marengo!*"

"*Count Humbug*," said the officer, contemptuously, "but, begging your pardon, madam, I inform you that you will be compelled to seek another escort, for the company of this gentleman is wanted elsewhere."

Mrs. Bradford looked around upon the rest of the party, expecting them to come forward and protest against such outrageous proceedings, but they only stood round looking at her accusingly, as if they expected to see her placed under arrest and led away with the villainous men whom she had helped to impose upon their society.

The sudden transition was too much for Mrs. Bradford and she shrieked hysterically.

A crowd began to gather, and the officers hurried away with their prisoners, leaving the pleasure party overwhelmed with chagrin and astonishment.

Leonora hastened to Mrs. Bradford's assistance, and leading her back into the waiting-room, endeavored to shield her from the accusing glances of her companions, for they all looked as if they felt that she was responsible for their humiliation and discomfiture.

Even her husband looked upon her with unsympathizing coldness, as he reflected that had it not been for the chance overhearing of a servant, the nefarious plot in which she was assisting would have been successfully carried out, and at that very moment the girl who had rescued him from that living death in the mountains would have been in the power of the villain to whom he owed all that trouble and suffering, and no rescuing hand would have been near, no friend to save her from being hurried back to that dismal place again.

"Let us go home, senora," said the girl, sympathizingly, trying to shield her from the accusing glances of the company.

"If you require another escort, I am at your service, Geraldine," said a familiar voice, and glancing toward the person from whence it proceeded, for a moment she saw only a brakeman in a blu

blouse and overalls, but the whiskers had fallen from his face, and she recognized her husband.

"And *you* are concerned in this *cruel, wicked*, and *disgraceful plot!*" she shrieked, while the company stared in astonishment as great as her own. "Oh! that my *own husband* should have stooped to anything so low and treacherous."

"Geraldine, if you desire my company homeward, come; if not, I shall return alone," he answered, coldly.

Mrs. Bradford cast one searching glance round upon the reproving faces of her fashionable friends, then burst into a hysterical fit of weeping, and allowed herself to be conducted to a carriage which was driven to a hotel to wait the coming of the next train homeward bound. The subject of the unexpected occurrence was not mentioned until they arrived at their own home, and the storm of weeping had given place to feelings of indignation and resentment.

She was so thoroughly wretched that there was no other relief for her feelings except in upbraiding her husband.

"Eben," she said, reproachfully and indignantly, "can you regard yourself in the light of *anything* but a *monster*, to be guilty of such a villainous plot, merely to accomplish the selfish purpose of depriving your wife of her rightful position in society? Oh! I am not ignorant of the base plot which you have had in contemplation for some time," she said, as he was about to speak. "There is nothing that you can say in extenuation of your meanness; both you and Leonora have been intriguing against me for weeks, and now your treachery has culminated in this base scheme to disgrace me in that realm where you cannot bear to have me reign. I have been warned of your selfish schemes before, by one who had penetration enough to read the character of that designing girl, and disinterested friendship enough to inform me that I was cherishing a serpent in our Eden that must be expelled if I would preserve the happiness of my own home. The disgrace of this terribly unhappy occurrence falls heavily upon me now, but where will *you* be when Count Marengo establishes his identity, and the Italian government demands satisfaction for this outrage? And what will you say when Mr. Wellington returns with indisputable credentials and demands satisfaction from you? *Where*, I ask, will you be then?

"Why don't you ask where I will be when the skies fall and scatter stars all over the earth?" he asked, contemptuously, and with a look of hopeless exasperation at him, she turned to the girl, who stood with features alternately flushing and paling, as if she might more successfully vent her wrath upon her. "And what can *you* say in extenuation of your unwomanly and ungrateful conduct, base ingrate, that I have cherished only to have you turn like a serpent to sting me in return?"

The girl sank upon the nearest chair with a face white with the intensity of her feelings, and Mr. Bradford said, sternly:

"That will do, Geraldine!"

It was the first time that he had ever addressed her in so stern a manner, and she paused, from mere astonishment. It was evident that Mr. Bradford had no apologies to make, but she could not relapse into submissive silence all at once.

"You *knew* that Mr. Wellington had been one of my most especial friends for years, and it was your duty to proclaim it, and try to convince the officers of their error at the time of the arrest; but you forgot all the disinterested efforts that he made in your behalf when *you* were a prisoner, and it is your duty to offer yourself as a bondsman, if any should be required to set him at liberty," she cried, angrily.

"Your name will be sufficiently associated with that of the notorious scoundrel without any aid from me," he an-

swered, coolly, "and now if you have had your say, I will explain your position. The irreproachable, disinterested, and unselfish friend in whose sympathetic counsels you have found so much comfort is a criminal in the eyes of the law. He obtained five thousand dollars from you, and shared it with the villain who imprisoned Leonora among the semi-barbarians of the Rockies. A portion of the money that you gave him was used to hire assassins to remove me from this earth, that through you he might possess himself of my property. Failing in this only by the heroism of Leonora, he conceived the idea of obtaining possession of some valuable property which the law will restore to her, by marrying her; but her aversion to him baffled his scheme, although encouraged by you, and to be revenged upon her, and to obtain money at the same time, he entered into a league with the villain who had so deeply wronged her, and intended to murder me, and, with your assistance, passed that *infernal miscreant*, Gonzalez, upon the society of this city as an Italian nobleman. His visit to this place was to obtain possession of her, but she recognized him at the first glance.

"Following my counsels, she gave no alarm, and I immediately communicated with the authorities in Western localities that had been the scenes of their depredations, and detectives have been investigating matters pertaining to them ever since. Knowing that the Italian was in the city seeking her life, for aught she knew, she has feared to leave the house even with you, unless accompanied by me. Seeing no other way to rob us, Mr. Wellington has poisoned your mind against her by unmanly insinuations and false accusations, until you have pursued a system of unwomanly treatment and petty insults that would have driven her from your roof long ago, if she had dared to venture from it; and *finally*, as a crowning point to all previous villainies, you have entered into a league with two of the worst men outside of the prison-walls to unlawfully betray her into the hands of Gonzalez; you went with her to the very steps of the carriage which was to receive her, and, had it not been for the accidental overhearing of Mr. Wellington's plans, she would at this moment, perhaps, be on her way back to death, or imprisonment, if necessary to accomplish the Italian's designs, and if the plan had succeeded, and a legal investigation been necessary, *you* would have been arrested as an accomplice, and it might have been a difficult matter to *prove* that you were an innocent party to an unlawful transaction. Now tell me upon whose head you think the reproaches ought to fall."

Mrs. Bradford sank back in her chair in helpless amazement. "It *cannot* be true," she gasped, at length.

"Count Marengo and Gonzalez are the same; I have heard that voice too often in old Marguerite's cabin not to know it anywhere, and those eyes can never be disguised," said Leonora, positively.

"If I could believe it, I should faint from *fright*," she exclaimed, with an expression of terror.

"I have no desire to have you in a fainting fit, but I regret that these things are all undeniable facts, and also that *you* could have been led into such a detestable scheme," said Mr. Bradford, decisively.

"I *will* not believe it," she exclaimed, vehemently. "After the lapse of a few days these gentlemen will be able to vindicate their character, and will return to demand satisfaction for the outrageous manner in which they have been treated."

"Have your own way as long as you can, but spare your reproaches until you are sure that they are deserved," said Mr. Bradford, coolly, and the lady relapsed into sullen silence.

She passed the night in a state of sleepless excitement. Her humiliation was

distressing, but in spite of all that she had heard, she clung to the hope that Mr. Wellington would return and vindicate his own good name.

To add to her feelings of mortification, none of her fashionable friends called to sympathize with her. Even her husband treated her with formal politeness, and only Leonora seemed to forget all her insults and reproaches, and treated her with more than her usual considerate kindness.

For several days she heard nothing from the gentlemen under arrest. She would not condescend to ask any information of her husband, and had no other means of obtaining it. At length one of her gossiping acquaintances called. It was not one of her most aristocratic friends, and this lady had not been included among the select party invited to go upon the eventful excursion.

Any one from the social circle was welcome, however, and Mrs. Bradford was really glad to see her.

After a little conversation upon ordinary subjects the lady said, in a tone of condolence:

"I sympathize with you in the recent unfortunate occurrence. I cannot believe that you were to blame, and I think it is so unkind in people to talk as they do."

"There may be some who will be uncharitably disposed toward those much-abused gentlemen, but I trust that the authorities have been convinced of their error, and they will shortly return to vindicate the good name which envious people were so ready to snatch from them," said Mrs. Bradford, haughtily.

"Why, have you not heard?" said the visitor, in apparent surprise. "They have been charged with terrible crimes, and were, after a preliminary examination, lodged in jail to await their trial. *No*, Mrs. Bradford, they would not be received in polite society if they were to return."

"A mere rumor," said Mrs. Bradford, resentfully, in spite of the fact that all her courage and bravado seemed receding from her.

"Oh! no; the report is confirmed, and it is the common topic all over the city," said her visitor, looking at her in calm satisfaction, as she remembered the many times that Mrs. Bradford had scarcely seemed conscious of her presence when surrounded by more aristocratic acquaintances. "It is too bad that people are so unkind, but there are rumors afloat that they are professional criminals, and had been harbored in this city by people who had previously stood very high in the opinion of the community."

Mrs. Bradford turned very pale, but her visitor continued, relentlessly:

"There is no doubt whatever about their being confined in jail, but the rumor that they had designs upon the wealthy banking establishment of Messrs. Smith & Co. may be without foundation, but that spiteful Mrs. Braun said that you were about to compel your adopted daughter to take a seat in the Italian's carriage very much against her will, and that nothing but the opportune arrival of the officers prevented him from eloping with her. But, my dear Mrs. Bradford, no matter what others may *say*, I shall persist in my *belief* that you did not know the character of the men whom you introduced to our circle, though some people are unkind enough to say that you had no right to introduce them *without* knowing."

Mrs. Bradford felt as if she should surely suffocate before her visitor left the house, and it required all her efforts to preserve anything like self-control, but at length, having satisfied herself that she had made Mrs. Bradford as miserable as possible, the lady departed, promising to call again.

To the woman who had so long lived in the excitement of fashion and frivolity, there was no other life worth living, and to be ignored by those who, only a few days previous, would have been proud of

her society was too much for her to bear unmoved. She wept hysterically, and bitterly denounced the friends who deserted her in her trial, and at length, pitying her distress, Mr. Bradford said:

"Geraldine, there is no use of lamenting over that which cannot be undone, but let us be thankful that we have suffered no greater harm. Summer friends may desert you, but the refuge of home is still yours, and the inmates of your own dwelling do not believe that you have been guilty of any intentional wrong; you have our sympathy, and protection from any personal insult; can you not derive consolation from what is still left you?"

"Oh! I cannot bear the disgrace of this unfortunate occurrence; I have never been slighted before," she sobbed, and instead of appreciating the efforts of those who tried to make her forget her humiliation by their own considerate kindness, she fretted, pined, wept, and worried, making every one about her unhappy, forgetting that any other person had a right to have feelings, in her own selfish exactions.

At length business called Mr. Bradford from home for a few days. Cards were out for the celebration of the marriage of the Senator's daughter, and Mrs. Bradford had received none.

On the day of the wedding she was excessively unhappy, and at night she was so nervous and restless that she could not sleep, and at length, wearied beyond endurance, she took an opiate and retired.

The next morning she did not come to breakfast.

Leonora waited for awhile, then, fearing that she was ill, went to her chamber door, but received no answer.

In alarm she summoned Sim, and upon bursting open the door, he cast one glance toward the bed, then, barring the way, he said:

"Miss Leonora, don't you go in dar; stay out till de doctor comes, an' I'll fetch him quick," and seizing the girl by the wrist, he fairly dragged her away, calling: "*Bridget! Bridget! Come hyar quick* as de *Laud'll let ye*, an' don't let Miss Leonora go in dar, on *no* 'count till I gits back, an' I'll be quick for sure. *Min' I tell ye*, keep her out o' dar, an' for de *Laud sake*, don't skeer little Eva."

His voice was trembling with fright and excitement, and every servant in the household was attracted to the spot by his vehement words and excited manner.

"What's the matter wid ye? raisin' a' 'larm like ye was thryin' to waken the dead?" questioned the woman, hastening to learn the cause of the commotion.

"*O Bridget!* don't ax questions, but *min' what* I tells ye. I'm gwine fur de doctor," and with eyes fairly starting from their sockets, he sped away, leaving the rest of the servants staring in awe-stricken wonder.

Bridget ventured as far as her misress's chamber-door, but quickly retreated with a face white with terror, exclaiming in a low, frightened tone: "Blissed saints presarve us!"

In a very few moments the physician arrived, but it was too late. The probabilities were that, with her mind dwelling upon the gay scene to which she had not been bidden, she had abstractedly taken a most unusual quantity of the medicine which had produced fatal results.

A telegram was immediately dispatched for Mr. Bradford, and at the very earliest moment possible he returned to find the home that he had so lately left in comfort, if not content, the scene of terror and confusion.

"Where is Eva?" he asked, as with face white and haggard he entered the house and looked round upon the group of awe-stricken faces assembled there.

"In dar," said Sim, pointing to the room where the family usually passed the evenings together.

He entered apprehensively and found

Leonora sitting with the child clasped in her arms, while the white scared faces of both gave evidence of the suffering which they were enduring, although the little girl only knew that some terrible calamity had overtaken them.

"*O papa!*" exclaimed the child, springing toward him, "something dreadful has happened, but it will all be right since you have come."

"I wish that I could make it right, my child," he said, tremulously, as he took her in his arms and tried to overcome his own emotions.

We will not linger upon the events of the next few days. Mrs. Bradford was gone. She had lived, but who had been made better or happier by her life? What noble work had she accomplished, and what tribute could sorrowing friends pay to her memory? Having ministered to the happiness of no member of her own family, there was no joy of which her absence deprived them, although her death threw a deep and depressing gloom over the household of which she had been an inmate.

The husband who has every day for years been met with a welcoming smile, who knows that no joy is perfect unshared by him, where home is an Eden, with wife for a presiding angel, feels that the light of life has gone with her; the wife whose cares have been lessened by a husband's thoughtful kindness, whose life has been brightened by his sympathy and appreciation of her efforts to please, feels as if the very light of heaven had suddenly been withheld from her, and takes up her darkened life only because she cannot lay it down, but in this case there was only selfishness to miss, and her tragical death filled the hearts of her family with feelings of gloom and despondency.

And yet they mourned her. The husband's mind wandered back to the first years of their acquaintance, searching among early memories for stray words of kindness or endearment, endeavoring to find consolation by pondering over them, but, alas! they were too few to afford much consolation.

God grant that when I pass from this earth, acts of kindness and care for the happiness of others may not be too few and far between to be remembered even in affection's lingering regrets!

Eben Bradford took up the lonely life with the air of one who has seen every hope blasted. He made no complaint, he uttered no murmur, but one glance at the refined and expressive face, one look from the sad and earnest eyes told a pathetic story to those sufficiently versed in the finer feelings of the human heart to understand it.

For himself he seemed to ask nothing. He seemed too utterly crushed to derive enjoyment from any source whatever, but there was no selfish repining, no casting of his own despondency over the hearts of those for whom he seemed to feel an increased care and responsibility, but he strove by his own watchful and considerate kindness to prevent the shadow that darkened his own life from casting its depressing influence over their youthful minds.

He invited children to his house, and gave them the freedom of the premises that their careless happiness might chase the shadow from the heart of his child. He instructed his foster-daughter to ride out in the carriage every day, and to invite companions of her own choosing to accompany her.

"God grant me power to keep their lives happy and unclouded!" he used to say as they came to greet him when he turned from the business cares of the day to the quietude of his home.

Nor was his kindness unappreciated. Knowing how considerate he had always been for the feelings of others, Leonora felt and taught his child that they owed equal consideration to him, and not only exerted herself to promote cheerfulness in the household, but instructed the child

always to run down the graveled path to meet him, and always to have something to tell him of her rides, or plays, or any thing which had contributed to her happiness during the day, and thus the weeks drifted by until the time appointed for the trial of the Italian and his partner. They had been taken back to the scene of their depredations, and tried for separate offenses.

Mr. Wellington was convicted of complicity in a bank robbery, and sentenced to five years of penal servitude.

The Italian was tried for offenses committed against parties in New Mexico.

He was confronted by a formidable array of witnesses from the grazing regions, and among the throng of spectators he recognized a face that caused him to cower back as if he fain would hide from sight.

A stalwart cowboy with keen, dark eyes and scowling face expressing anything rather than amiability, stood looking searchingly at the prisoner. He wore the customary "sombrero," and buckskin leggings, and the shining cartridges ornamenting his revolver belt gave him a very ferocious appearance to the man who had many reasons for remembering him.

"*It's the very cuss* that stole my race horse, Kentucky," he whispered to a companion. "He's got my mark if I know my head from a foot-ball. I'll bet a thousand dollars that he's got a scar on his breast that I gave him when he took Kentucky. I'd a-fetched him, but he was too far away, and he rode my horse, and there wasn't another that could overtake him. He took him across the Rio Grande to another gang of thieves in Mexico, and it was no use to follow there. I 'spose they'll sentence him to the pen for a few years, and a gang of his own stripe will rescue him on his way to prison—*that is, if the law takes its course.*"

There was no lack of evidence, and the desperado was convicted and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

He was not tried for anything in which Leonora was concerned, for Mr. Bradford did not wish to expose her to the excitement which the trial would occasion, unless it was positively necessary in order to remove the villain beyond the possibility of doing further harm.

The officer started with him across the sparsely settled regions of New Mexico to the place of incarceration.

The first day of the journey passed without any important occurrence, and toward noon of the second day they entered one of those dismal cañons, the walls of which seem double dark and gloomy when one has reason to apprehend danger.

Suddenly the officer was startled by the sharp click of a gun. He grasped his weapons and sprang to his feet. The prisoner looked at him with a meaning smile and said:

"We'll change places now; I will drive the team and you may wear the bracelets."

But he had mistaken the place. The next instant he fell back, shot through the heart by a rifle ball, and as the smoke cleared away a low voice muttered:

"Take that for old Kentucky."

The horses reared and plunged, and it was some moments ere the driver could regain control of them.

He looked round in astonishment and alarm, but not a living person was in sight. Suddenly a voice from among the rocks said:

"Put up your shootin' irons, pard, and make tracks back to the settlement, and I'll stay here and cover your retreat. There's about forty of the infernal thieves over in the next cañon waitin' for you to come up, and if I hadn't interrupted you it would have been you instead o' him when you got there. Go back, I tell ye, while you've got life to go with," he continued, and as there was nothing else that he could do, the officer started for the nearest settlement, but ere he reached it,

the convict had passed to that land "Where the wicked cease from troubling."

The months drifted by, and the family had recovered something of tranquillity, and became resigned if not reconciled to the existing state of affairs. One day Mr. Bradford said:

"Leonora, it is not right for Eva and myself to monopolize all the good you do; you add everything to our comfort and happiness, but to confine one's capacity for doing good to the limits of a solitary dwelling is a species of selfishness, and I want you to go out among other people and do your share of the great work which only woman's hands may do. There are aching hearts to cheer, needy people to relieve, and work all around you in helping to make humanity happier and better. There will be money at your disposal for you to use for charitable purposes, and I want you to be found in the ranks of those noble and philanthropic women whose lives have been a blessing to humanity. And I want you to have the companionship of young people of your own age, and not let your life be shadowed by the darkness of mine."

"I have had plenty of company, but I fear that I have been of very little use in the world," she answered, thoughtfully.

"You have been an inestimable blessing to us, but there are duties which lie beyond our own doorstep," he replied.

And so Leonora took up, in her own way, aided by his counsels, the social responsibilities that Mrs. Bradford had laid down; or, rather, she took her place as a woman among women.

She went out among the kind and benevolent of her own sex, and united with them in bestowing happiness wherever she could. She assisted at entertainments for charitable purposes, and diverted the mind of the kindly disposed man who had counseled her to do good, by accounts of society's doings, during the evenings which he passed at home.

"I enjoy the entertainments greatly," she said, "and the objects for which we are working give zest and enthusiasm to our labors, but the greatest enjoyment consists in witnessing the happiness that we are able to bestow; so you see that we are doubly repaid."

Every account was finished with the words: "You should have seen the happy and grateful expression of the woman's or the child's countenance; truly, it is more blessed to give than to receive, and I believe that I am just beginning to enjoy society."

It was impossible for Mr. Bradford not to notice the difference between the accounts which she gave of society's doings and those of his wife, who measured all her enjoyment upon the amount of envy and jealousy which she was able to inspire, and yet both were true to nature.

It was thus that two years went by. She was deservedly popular among all her associates, and many a worthy man would gladly have won her for his own, but, to Mr. Bradford's surprise, though kind and courteous to all, she seemed stranger to stronger feelings than those of friendship toward any one.

"You must be accomplishing a vast amount of good, Leonora," said Mr. Bradford, one evening. "I frequently hear your name mentioned in connection with charitable objects, and enthusiastic praises of your unselfish efforts in behalf of unfortunate humanity, and yet you never neglect anything pertaining to our own home comfort. I seldom miss you from your accustomed place; how do you manage to accomplish so much both at home and abroad?"

"Why, senor," she said, with a smile, "I believe that woman's first and holiest duty consists in promoting home happiness and harmony. I imbibed that principle from your teaching when I was but a child. You have ever been kind and considerate toward me, and, although you have never said so in so many words, I

believe that you are more content, and that home seems pleasanter to you when Eva and I are here to entertain you. I am indebted to you for all the comfort and luxury that I enjoy, and I take a real pleasure in doing whatever may contribute to your happiness; and since, through your kindness, I have more of sunlight than many others, I go beyond the limits of our own dwelling to share it with those who have been less fortunate, as you have directed me. Why, senor, there is so much of real pleasure connected with everything that I do that I am constantly happy, and my happiest hours are passed at home."

"That is because your enjoyment is of an unselfish nature, angel of mercy and kindness," he said, approvingly, "but what will we do when another comes to claim you as the presiding angel of his home?"

"I hope that time is far distant, senor," she said, earnestly.

"For our own sakes, so do I, but you shall not sacrifice either present or future happiness for us," he replied, thoughtfully.

Mr. Bradford knew that her hand was sought by one in every way worthy of her, and no selfish consideration could have induced him to try to prevail upon her to remain, if she desired to go, although it would require a sacrifice to do without her.

Little Eva was the personification of health, beauty, and intelligence. Her mind was constantly developing under the conscientious instruction which she was receiving. She sang like an angel, and Leonora was constantly inculcating noble sentiments along with her practical education, and the father could not help asking himself, "what would the child do without her?"

One evening he said: "Leonora, rumor couples your name with that of a young man whom I believe to be as nearly worthy of you as any that you will ever find. He thinks that your reason for not encouraging his suit is that you feel an obligation to remain with us. Of course, I will not pretend to say that I will not miss you, but I do not wish you to let any consideration for me prevent you from securing your own happiness; if *that* is all that prevents you from accepting him, leave us entirely out of the question, and be guided solely by the prompting of your own heart."

He could not repress a sigh as he thought how lonely life would be without her, and she answered, earnestly:

"Senor, I have never had any desire to share any other home, and I shall remain here as long as I am needed. Eva needs a mother's care, and when you find one to whom you can entrust the training and unfolding of her mind, then, and not till then, will I think of a home elsewhere, for neither of you will need me."

He looked at the earnest, womanly face, so truthful and confiding, in tender admiration for a moment, then came a wish—banished as unloyal as soon as formed—that Geraldine could have been like her.

"You do not know how much I prize home and kindred, senor. You have been so kind to me ever since you rescued me from that terrible wilderness that when I think of what I owe to you, I feel willing to spend my life in your service. If I were sure that you would always need me, I could be content forever to remain; but," she added, as a new idea seemed to suddenly occur to her, "perhaps you contemplate bringing a new mistress to the household; if so, I—"

"No, *no;* I have never thought of it, and never will—unless—" he stopped and stood blushing like a school girl, and looking even bashful and confused.

"Unless I am willing to go?" she asked. "Why, senor, I would not stand in her way for an instant; only tell me just what you require, and I will make every preparation for her reception," she

said, endeavoring to relieve his embarrassment by manifesting a willingness to assist under any circumstances.

"No, *no!* You misunderstand me. I mean, unless you are willing to be the mistress of the house yourself. You will be some man's wife some time; if you could only be happy to be mine—" he stopped again in greater confusion than before, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, as if it was his only means for recovering his self-possession.

"*Why, senor!*" she exclaimed, blushing as rosily as himself, "I never *thought* of such a thing!"

"Neither did I until one moment ago," he answered.

"You surely cannot mean it!" she said in bewildered astonishment.

"If I had reflected for a single moment I should not have dared to ask you, and my sensations are very much as they were once, when a boy, I incautiously fell into deep water, but since I have so unexpectedly approached the subject, if not too disagreeable to yourself, let us settle it. You have had opportunities for becoming acquainted with other men, and you do not seem to be in love with any other. You know of the disparity in our ages. You know all my peculiarities of temper and disposition, all my failings and imperfections—"

"I know that you are the best and kindest man in the world!" she interrupted, impulsively. "I can never repay my debt of gratitude."

"I don't want *gratitude*, Leonora, I want love, and if you cannot give me that, wait for some one upon whom you *can* bestow it; you shall make no sacrifice for me; answer from the promptings of your own heart, and if you feel as if you would rather remain as you are, let it be as if all this were unsaid, and I will never mention it again; but if you only *could* care for me, I would try *so* hard to make you happy!"

He stood gazing upon her with all the strong yearning of a tender heart beaming from his features, and voice and eyes pleading far more than his words.

She looked at him steadily for a moment, then said:

"I am happier in your presence than anywhere else in the world, senor, and if you are *sure* that you want me—"

"And *you* are sure that you will never regret it," he interrupted.

"This is so unexpected, senor," she said, earnestly, "but I am sure that you will never give me cause to regret it, and since I am truly happy only with you, if you really desire it, I will be your wife."

"I earnestly desire it, if you do, not otherwise," he answered. "My life has been one long, bitter disappointment, a constant craving for that which I have not attained. Once I fancied that it was actually in my own living possession, but the illusion vanished, leaving me gazing after it longingly, hopelessly, and many and many a time when I have wearily turned my steps homeward, longing so for sympathy and companionship, only the skeleton of domestic happiness has mocked me at my own door. You are the only woman whom I have ever known who embodied my ideal of the noblest type of womanhood, and now, if you are fully content with me, happiness will no longer be an illusive dream."

"You have molded my character, senor, and you shall reap as you have sowed," she answered, earnestly, and for the first time in all his life, the weary heart was free from restless longing. There was no illusive speculation in the prospective union, long acquaintance had revealed the worth of each, and inspired a mutual love and confidence.

The marriage was duly celebrated, and, taking little Eva with them, they went to New Orleans upon a wedding tour.

They were visiting one of the places of interest in that "queen city of the South," when a voice which brought to Leonora's

mind a vivid recollection of her childhood exclaimed:

"*It is our brother's* child!"

She turned quickly to see from whence it proceeded, and saw two ladies gazing at her with faces white as death, and countenances expressing the most intense astonishment and excitement.

"*My long lost aunts!*" she exclaimed, advancing toward them quite as much astonished as themselves.

"My child, *my dear* child, have you dropped from the skies?" asked one of the ladies, seizing her hand as if to assure herself that it was no deceptive vision.

"No, I have come from a happy home to which I expect shortly to return," she answered with a smile, "but where have *you* been all these years?"

"We thought you were dead," said the other, in a scarcely audible voice. "Come home with us, and tell us all about it."

After consulting with her husband, Leonora accepted the invitation for her husband, Eva, and herself.

With eager and excited interest they listened to the relation of her history, which the reader already knows.

Both ladies wept hysterically.

"How could we ever have trusted our brother's child in the hands of that cruel monster? Can you, *will* you forgive us that great and irreparable wrong? if you only knew what we have suffered! So many nights I have dreamed that I heard you calling me from the depths of those awful cañons, and sprang from my bed in a wild endeavor to go to your relief. O Leonora! if you only knew the torture that I have endured. Sometimes I have almost gone raving wild, and now to see you, alive and happy, is more than I deserve, and I can die in peace!"

"I freely forgive you. The wrong was unintentional upon your part, and since it has led me to the summit of all earthly happiness, I have no complaint to make," she answered, pleasantly.

The sisters glanced toward each other as if questioning whether it were best to make a full confession or not, but finally concluded that it would do no good, but instead they would make such restoration as lay in their power.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford returned to their home, and the long-cherished ideal of noble and exalted womanhood was finally won in the midst of life's battle by the man who had so long contended for the existence of a heavenly principle, and won it, not by arbitrary usurpation and tyrannical exactions, but by unselfish kindness, and a conscientious discharge of every moral obligation resting upon him.

[THE END.]

SHOES that are worn regularly, if cared for, will last much longer than if neglected. A French kid shoe, if kicked on the closet floor or under the bed, will not last as long or look as well as one inferior in quality if properly cared for. When shoes are taken off they should be wiped with a soft cloth, and, after airing a little while, oiled or polished and put in a box by themselves, or a shoe bag, and when wanted for use can be taken out ready for wear. It is not advisable to use much of the dressing so fashionable for ladies' and children's shoes, as most of them crack the leather and ruin it.

A SMALL box filled with lime, and placed on a shelf in the pantry or closet, will absorb dampness and keep the air in the closet dry and sweet.

A GARGLE of salt and water used before retiring at night will strengthen the throat and keep off bronchial attacks.

THE MISSION OF THE LILACS.

"LAYLOCKS, ten cents a bunch!" The early pedestrians on Clive Avenue glanced up in amazement as the fresh young tones with a suspicion of a tremble in them fell upon their unaccustomed ears, and, wonder of wonders, the dingy alley-way next to Shedd's grocery store was transformed into a veritable bower. Lilacs everywhere in dewy profusion, even festooned overhead in some ingenious manner, breathing their fragrance over the crowded throughfare. Framed in by the flowers was a ruddy-cheeked, boyish face, the frank blue eyes raised appealingly to the passers-by.

"Laylocks!" Involuntarily, one after another halted at the stand of the little merchant, deposited a dime and received in exchange a generous supply of the fragrant blooms, the morning dew yet fresh upon them. Clerks hastening to responsible posts down-town, shop-girls with the day's bustle and worry looming before them, the busy merchant bent on keeping an important appointment, all stood elbow to elbow in the little crowd gathered about the lilac-stand, and each in turn bore away an odorous burden. Bobby McGuire was jubilant. How the silver jingled in the battered tin dipper which served as a money-box! Business increased so rapidly that he was obliged to throw aside the stub of a pencil and bit of blurred paper wherewith he had attempted a straggling account of sales.

How delighted the sad-eyed mother and feeble old grandmother would be with the shining coins he would carry home safely knotted in his clean cotton handkerchief. It had been his own project, suggested to his scheming brain as he swung on the rickety gate and surveyed the great lilac bushes, purple with bloom. The mother's consent had been reluctantly given, and a kind neighbor had readily agreed to convey the little fellow and his fragrant wares in his vegetable wagon. He had even secured the alley-way from the obliging grocer, and promised to call for Bobby on his return from the great market, further on. There remained only to conciliate the burly policeman who patroled the crossing and was wont summarily to drive all loiterers from the alley-way, but one glance of Bobby's anxious blue eyes had disarmed this dreaded official, and he had even volunteered to assist the small merchant in arranging his wares.

The early throng of workers passed on, and was remorselessly swallowed up by the great business houses. Shutters were thrown open, goods attractively displayed, and another day's traffic had begun. In the lull that followed, Bobby counted his unexpected gains with dancing eyes, and bunched together the scattering remnants of his stock in readiness for a possible customer. Down the opposite sidewalk sauntered a slender girlish figure with thin fluttering garments that bore the impress of extreme poverty and neglect. The unkempt hair strayed from beneath the small tattered bonnet, framing a hollow-cheeked face with great, restless, dark eyes preternaturally bright. As the woman reached the crossing, the breeze passed lightly over the alley-way and wafted the perfume of the lilacs across the street. The unquiet eyes became dilated and fixed. Her breath came short and unsteady, and, as if drawn by a magnet, her trembling steps pressed on over the crossing. Instinctively other and more favored women drew aside their garments to let her pass. The pompous

policeman, who was wont to officiously escort timid females across in safety, looked far above her head and saw her not. On she came, her eyes hungrily fastened on the flowers, unheeding the curses loud and deep of the truck-drivers, as she passed oblivious under the very noses of their reined-in horses—on until she reached the curbstone, and stood, her fingers tightly inter-clasped, gazing at the lilacs, seeing naught beside.

"Laylocks, ma'am, only ten cents," ventured Bobby, timidly, then something in the woman's attitude, the pitifulness, differing in some inexpressible way from the honest poverty at home, touched his childish consciousness. "Here, ma'am," he exclaimed, eagerly, hurriedly breaking off spray after spray and thrusting them into the trembling hands, "take 'em, do; there's plenty more, and I'd love for you to have 'em."

Tear after tear stole down the thin cheeks, as the woman buried her face convulsively in the fragrant mass.

"God bless you, my lad!" she ejaculated, brokenly, and staggered back over the now crowded crossing. Blinded by her tears, and deaf alike to the cries of the horrified passers-by and Bobby's shriek of terror, she was borne instantly under the trampling horses, and thrown back insensible upon the curbstone, still clasping the lilacs to her heart. The abundant dark hair fell from the crushed bonnet and mercifully enveloped her in its folds.

The burly policeman came swiftly now, and with no ungentle hands raised her carefully, laid her into the hastily-summoned ambulance, and she was borne away to the hospital. Tender-hearted Bobby gathered up his earnings hurriedly. The little street gamins sauntering by, deftly snatched cluster after cluster of the drooping blossoms unheeded.

Unaccustomed to the many painful sights incident to city streets, he longed inexpressibly for his mother's sure sympathy, and it was a silent, weary boy that rode home in the empty market wagon.

Bounding over the wheel at the familiar gate, he burst into the snug kitchen, and breathlessly began his tale, utterly forgetting, in his excitement, the shining handful of silver buttoned tightly into his jacket pocket.

"And I may go every morning and carry her a bunch of the laylocks, mayn't I, mother?" he added, incoherently.

"That you may, my boy," answered his mother, wiping her eyes. "My heart goes out to the poor young creature, for Margaret's sake," she added, softly.

"Aye, Maggie loved the laylocks," quavered the grandmother, vacantly, swaying back and forth in the chimney corner; "happen she'll come back while they're a-bloomin'?" she asked, wistfully.

"Maybe, who knows?" said the mother, with forced cheerfulness, smoothing the snowy hair back from the troubled old face, and gathering tired Bobby in her arms.

For many years a cloud of sorrow had darkened the humble home. Bobby could not recall the father, who had died in early manhood, leaving only the bare little farm, and a meagre bank account, carefully hoarded from his hard earnings, for his slender young wife and baby boy. Bobby could, however, dimly remember the bright young face of his girl-aunt Margaret, whose pet and plaything he had been.

In the sad days which had followed the sudden death of her sister's husband, Margaret, with her sunny face and hopeful spirit, had been the stay and comfort of the bereaved household. Her own marriage was to have taken place in the early summer, but she had persuaded John Edmont, her lover, to defer the wedding-day until autumn, that she might comfort her widowed sister, who was well-nigh dazed by her bereavement. John Edmont, in the unselfishness of his heart, had unhesitatingly consented, returned to

his thrifty farm in the next township, and endeavored to while away the lonely summer by making the cozy farm-house still more attractive for its coming mistress.

The simple preparations for her marriage completed, light-hearted Margaret sometimes wearied of the gloom of the desolate home, and from time to time sought the society of her young companions in the village, where she was a general favorite. The hotel was gay with summer boarders, and Margaret's wit and unusual beauty made her no inconsiderable addition to the lively picnic and boating parties in the vicinity.

August waned, and the wedding-day drew near. If the members of the little household had been less engrossed in their grief and loss, they must have observed the change in Margaret. The once uniformly cheerful spirits had become fitful, and a strange unrest and indecision had taken possession of the girl. Rumor reached John Edmont in his distant home that one Captain Edgar Vane, summering at the hotel, was an admirer of Margaret's, but even the boldest talebearer dared not hint in John's presence that the attraction was mutual, and that his betrothed was daily seen walking and driving with the dashing young officer. But John Edmont, such was his grand, trusting nature, utterly above petty jealousies and suspicion, had supreme confidence in Margaret, and silenced by a look the anxious friends who would fain warn him of impending trouble.

At last, on the very eve of the wedding-day, Margaret and the young officer disappeared from the village, and save one brief note announcing her marriage to Captain Vane, no trace of her whereabouts had been discovered.

John Edmont, stunned by the downfall of all his hopes and plans, shut himself up in the lonely farm-house, shunned his former friends, and devoted his time to hard labor and study, a stern and silent man.

Mrs. McGuire, roused from her apathy by this fresh calamity, had struggled on and eked out a scanty support for her little son and the aged mother, who mourned unceasingly for her lost Margaret, the child of her old age.

As year after year slipped away in silence, time mercifully dulled the distracted brain, and relieved the bursting heart. She sat for the most part patiently waiting, waking up at times into a pathetic alertness as she listened for a fancied footfall, for surely "Maggie would come soon, it was growing so late!"

—

Morning after morning Bobby presented himself at the hospital door with the freshest blossoms culled from his stock, but it was several days before he was admitted.

The injured woman remained unconscious for hours, and a raging fever had attacked the slender frame, worn out with privation and sorrow. At length, however, the pleasant-faced nurse opened the door wide, smiling encouragingly as Bobby entered bashfully, half awed by the unaccustomed sights and sounds.

"Your posies have done her more good than all the doctor's medicine, my boy," she whispered, softly.

Bobby advanced timidly to the bedside. The half-closed eyes gleamed with recognition as they fell on the nodding plume of the lilacs.

"Little Maggie's bush, mother always called it," she murmured, dreamily. "How cool the blossoms must be. If I could bury my hot cheeks in them 'twould take away the burning. Can't I go home to mother?" she added, plaintively, turning bright eyes upon the trembling boy.

Bobby stood transfixed by a sudden conviction. He had been too young at

the time of his girl-aunt's disappearance to retain any distinct recollection of her. The name, something strangely familiar about the features, the eyes so like his mother's, save in expression, could it be the long lost Margaret?

He silently tip-toed out of the hospital, and flew back to the lilac stand, where he impatiently awaited the return of his good friend, the market man.

Mrs. McGuire, after a sleepless night, accompanied Bobby to the city, leaving the grandmother in charge of a kind neighbor. Trembling twixt hope and fears, she entered the ward, clasping Bobby tightly by the hand.

"I think she kens this morning, ma'am," said the nurse, quietly.

One swift glance at the haggard face on the pillow, and Mrs. McGuire fell on her knees by the bedside.

"Margaret! Margaret! little sister!" she sobbed beneath her breath.

The eyelids fluttered and the whole face became transfigured.

"O Mary!" and she was folded in her sister's arms.

Many days elapsed ere the frail invalid could be safely removed, but before the June roses faded she was comfortably established in the bare little chamber which had been hers in girlhood.

The old mother was ecstatically happy. Hour after hour she sat by the bedside, patting the transparent fingers, smoothing the soft rings of hair from the pale forehead, crooning meanwhile the familiar cradle songs.

"Little Maggie's so tired," she would murmur, pitifully, "but mother'll take care of her," folding and refolding the covering over the feeble shoulders.

Margaret lay peacefully for the most part, her hands lightly clasped, and her eyes resting on one familiar object after another in glad content. Week by week, however, it became evident that the frail life was slowly but surely ebbing.

Mrs. McGuire dreaded to disturb the childlike serenity into which Margaret had lapsed by any questioning concerning the intervening years. One morning, however, something of the old restlessness seemed to take possession of the invalid. Her sister clasped both the fluttering hands firmly in her own.

"Tell me, poor child, did *he* desert you?"

Margaret wrested her hands from her sister's grasp and buried her face in them.

"Mary, he was a villain, and I trusted him so! He had another wife in England. I left him the very day I discovered it, and I have never seen him since. God only knows the long, long years of want and sickness and discouragement, but I've lived an honest life through all, Mary."

"O Margaret! why didn't you come back to us?" sobbed Mrs. McGuire. "We would have comforted you, little sister."

"I *could* not, Mary, I would rather have died. I thanked God as I fell beneath the horses, that the disgrace and suffering were ended at last, but now I'm glad to die in the old home."

The July days waxed hotter, and it was plain to the loving, anxious eyes of the watchers that Margaret was rapidly sinking.

One sultry morning a stranger presented himself at the cottage door, and wondering Bobby summoned his mother from the sick room. As she entered the sitting-room John Edmont rose to meet her. He led her to the faded lounge, and seated himself beside her.

"I have come to hear Margaret's story —tell me—it is my right," he said, simply.

Briefly Mrs. McGuire related the sad history, and he sat immovable as a statue until the close of the recital, then a look of ungovernable rage darkened his face.

"If he crosses my path, God have mercy upon him!" he muttered.

"No, John," pleaded Mrs. McGuire, laying her hand tenderly on his clenched one, "leave him to the justice that must surely overtake him. *She* has forgiven him, and surely she has suffered most."

Slowly the rigid muscles relaxed, and tears came to his relief. At last by a supreme effort he controlled his emotion and rose to his feet.

"I must see Margaret. You can trust me," he added, perceiving the doubt lurking in Mrs. McGuire eyes, and she silently led the way.

The shadows of the elms lengthened across the farm-yard, and still John Edmont sat motionless by Margaret's bedside, one feeble hand tenderly clasped in his.

Early in the afternoon Bobby had been dispatched to the parsonage with a brief note, and before sunset the white-haired pastor quietly entered. The brief marriage service was read, and just as the sun was sinking Margaret became the wife of John Edmont.

She lingered a few days, tranquilly happy, all her troubled past melting away like an evil dream, then quietly faded.

The aged mother did not mourn her departure. "Little Maggie had fallen asleep!"

Again John Edmont returned to his desolate home.

Many years elasped ere he opened his heart to another love.

To the tender, gracious woman who became his wife he related the mournful history which had blighted his early manhood.

Every spring-time, when the lilacs bloom, hand in hand with her little daughter, another bonnie Margaret, she carries a fragrant offering, and tenderly lays it beside the headstone bearing the simple inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Margaret,
beloved wife of John Edmont."

MARION E. PICKERING.

IF IT WERE TRUE.

IF love were life and hearts more tender were,
No growing old or dying would there be:
No eyes from too much weeping fail to see.
No more the brow be the interpreter
Of care beneath, nor soul a prisoner
Within a cell, but like a breath that's free,
Would spread itself through all eternity;
If love were life and hearts more tender were.

It is not hard to understand God's plan,
Nor be submissive when submission's sweet
A flower simply lives to bloom, and man
Should simply live to love, or else defeat
The Master's will, which He has made so clear,
That love enough would make us angels here.

ALAS!

CHAPTER V.

THERE is no particular reason why Burgoyne should not impart to his companion what he knows—after all it is not very much—about their two country-women. So that by the time—some thirty-six hours later—when they reach Florence, the younger man is in possession of as much information about the objects of their common interest as it is in the power of the elder one to impart.

To neither of them, meanwhile, is any second glimpse vouchsafed of those objects, eagerly—though with different degrees of overtness in that eagerness—as they both look out for them among the luggage-piles and the tweed-clad English ladies at the station. It had been the intention of Burgoyne that he and his friend should put up at the same hotel as that inhabited by his betrothed and her family; but, finding that it is full, he orders rooms at the Minerva, and in the fallen dusk of a rather chill spring night, finds himself traversing the short distance from the railway to that hotel.

As he and Byng sit over their coffee after dinner in the *salle à manger*, almost its only tenants at that late hour, the younger man remarks matter-of-factly, as if stating a proposition almost too obvious to be worth uttering:

"I suppose you are off to the Anglo-American now."

"I think not," replies Jim, slowly; "it is past ten, you see, and they are early people." He adds a moment later, as if suspecting his own excuse of insufficiency, "Mr. Wilson is rather an invalid, and there is also an invalid, or semi-invalid sister; I think that I had better not disturb them to-night."

Byng has never been engaged to be married, except in theory, and it is certainly no business of his to blow his friend's flagging ardor into flame, so he contents himself with an acquiescent observation to the effect that the train must have been late. But at all events the next morning finds Burgoyne paying his fiacre at the door of the Anglo-American, with the confidence of a person who is certain of finding those he seeks, a confidence justified by the result; for, having followed a waiter across a court-yard, and heard him knock at a door on the ground-floor, that door opens with an instantaneousness which gives the idea of an ear having been pricked to catch the expected rap, and the next moment, the intervening *garçon* having withdrawn, Jim stands face to face with his Amelia. Her features are all alight with pleasure, but her first words are not particularly amorous.

"Would you mind coming into the dining-room? Sybilla is in the drawing-room already this morning. She said she was afraid it was going to be one of her bad days, so I thought" (rather regretfully) "that possibly she would be a little later than usual in coming down; but, on the contrary, she is much earlier."

It is possible that an extremely ardent love may be independent of surroundings; may burn with as fierce a flame when its owner or victim is seated on a hard horse-hair chair beside a dining-room table, in a little dull hotel back room, as when the senses are courted by softly-cushioned lounges, penetrating flower scents, and cunningly arranged *bric-à-brac;* but perhaps Jim's passion is not of this intense and Spartan quality. At all events, a chill steals over him as Amelia leads the way into that small and uncheerful

chamber where the Wilson family daily banquet. He is not so lost to all sense of what England and Amelia expect of him as not to take her in his arms and kiss her very kindly and warmly, before they sit down on two hard chairs side by side; and even when they have done so, he still holds her hand, and kisses it now and then. He has a great many things to say to her, but "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" is not invariably true. Sometimes that very abundance clogs the utterance, and, after a ten months' separation, the hinges of even lovers' tongues are apt, at first, to be somewhat rusty.

"And are you really glad to see me again?" asks the woman—she is scarcely a girl, having the doubtful advantage of being her betrothed's senior by two years. The horsehair chairs are obviously powerless to take the edge off her bliss, and she can scarcely command her voice as she asks the question.

"I decline to answer all such futile inquiries," replies he, smiling not unkindly, but there is no tremor in his voice. "Even if I did not discourage them on principle I should have no time to answer them today; I have so much to say to you that I do not know where to begin. And how are things going? How are you all getting on? Your father?"

"His throat is better"—with an accent of hesitating filial piety, as if there were something else about him that was not better.

"And Sybilla?"

"Oh! poor Sybilla! she has her bad days now and then."

"And Cecilia?"

"She is rather in trouble just now; I fear there is no doubt that the man she was engaged to has thrown her over. You never saw him? Oh! no! Of course the affair came on after you left England."

Burgoyne's eyebrows have gone up, and his face has assumed an expression less of surprise than admiration at this piece of news.

"How many does that make? Four? Well, courage! There is luck in odd numbers; perhaps she will land the fifth."

"She will tell you about it herself," says Amelia; "she tells everybody; she likes talking about it—it is very odd, but she does. When you throw me over"—rubbing his hand, which she holds with shy and deprecating caressingness against her own cheek—"I shall tell nobody; I shall keep my misfortune very dark."

"When I do!" repeats he, with laughing emphasis, but to his own ear both the emphasis and the laughter sound flat. This is perhaps the cause why he a second time runs away from his subject; or, more probably, he is really in haste to get to the new one. "Meanwhile," he says, his eyes involuntarily dropping to the carpet, as if he had rather not see the effect of his words upon her; "meanwhile, some one has thrown me over."

"You?"

"Yes, me; I did not write it to you, because I do not see much use in putting down bad news in black and white, and even with this little delay, I am afraid," with a dry smile, "that you will have plenty of time to enjoy it."

He paused for an instant, and she does not hurry him with any teasing questions, but waits, with meek patience, 'till he feels inclined to go on.

"My aunt is going to be married."

If he has wished that his news shall produce the effect of a torpedo, he has no cause to complain of his want of success. His placid Amelia vaults to her feet.

"Married!" she repeats, with a gasp. "Why she is quite, quite old!"

"She is sixty-five!"

The color has flooded all Amelia's face; the blazing color that means not pleasure, but consternation. It is some moments before she can frame her next query.

"And is he?—do you?—has she chosen wisely, I mean?"

Jim laughs again.

"Can one choose wisely at sixty-five? Well, whether she has or no is a matter of opinion; she has chosen the curate of the parish, who, by reason of his extreme juvenility is still in deacon's orders."

Miss Wilson's limbs are shaking so that she cannot maintain her standing attitude. She sinks down by the dining-table again in her hard chair. It is a very hard chair on which to receive such ill news.

"And cannot you hinder it, cannot you dissuade her?" she asks, falteringly.

"I shall not try; poor old woman! After all, she has a right to pursue her own happiness in her own way, only I wish that she had made up her mind twenty years ago; though to be sure, how could she?" with another smile, "since, at that time, her bridegroom was not much more than born."

"Will it—will it—make a great difference to you?"

Burgoyne lifts his eyes, which have been idly bent on the floor, and looks straight and full at her across the corner of the table.

"It will make all the difference!" he answers, slowly.

Poor Amelia is holding her handkerchief in her hand. She lifts it to her mouth and bites a corner of it to hide the quivering of her lips and chin. She does not wish to add to his pain by any breakdown on her own part. But Jim divines the quivering even under the morsel of cambric, and looks away again.

"Her money is almost entirely in her own power," he continues, in an unemotional voice; "and when she announced her marriage to me, she also announced her intention of settling the whole of it upon her—her—" he pauses a second, as if resolved to keep out of his voice the accent of satire and bitterness that pierces through its calm—"her husband."

Amelia has dropped both shielding hand and handkerchief into her lap. She has forgotten her effort to conceal the blankness of her dismay. Unless she conceals the whole of her face indeed, the attempt would be in vain, since each feature speaks it equally.

"Her whole fortune?" she repeats, almost inaudibly. *All?*"

"What, all my pretty chickens and their dam?"

says Jim, oppressed by her overwhelmed look into an artificial and dreary levity, and in not particularly apt quotation. "My dear, do not look so broken-hearted. I am not absolutely destitute; I have still got my eight hundred pounds a year, my very own, which neither man nor mouse, neither curate nor vicar can take from me. I can still go on rioting upon that; the question is"—his words coming more slowly, and his tone growing graver—"have I any right to ask you to riot on it, too? The one thing that I blame her for," he continues, not following up the branch of the subject that his last speech had begun to open up, and speaking with a composure which, to the stricken Amelia, appears to evidence his attainment of the highest pinnacle of manly fortitude, "the only thing I blame her for is her having hindered my adopting any profession. It would have been kinder to have put me in the way of earning my own living."

Amelia's head has sunk down upon his hand—he feels her hot tears upon it; but now that the theme has no longer reference to herself, she can speak. She straightens herself, and there is a flash, such as he has very seldom seen there, in her rather colorless orbs.

"It was monstrous of her!" she cries, with the almost exaggerated passion of a usually very self-controlled person.

"After having always told you that you were to be her heir!"

"But *had* she told me so?" replies Jim, passing his hand with a perplexed air over his own face. "That is what I have been trying to recall for the last few days. I never remember the time when I did not believe it, so I suppose that some one must have told me so; but I could not swear that she herself had ever put it down in black and white. However," tossing his head back with a gesture as of one who throws off his shoulders a useless burden, "what does that matter now? I am not her heir, I am nobody's heir; we must look facts in the face! Amelia, dear"—in a tone of reluctant tender affection, as of one compelled, yet most unwilling to give a little child, or some other soft, helpless creature, pain—"we must look facts in the face!"

There is something in his voice that makes Amelia's heart stand still; but she attempts no interruption.

"It is very hard for me, dear, after all these"—he pauses a second; he is about to say "weary years' waiting," but his conscience arrests him; to him they have not been weary, so, after a hardly-perceptible break, he goes on—"after all these many years' waiting, to have come to this, is not it?"

He had not calculated on the effect which would be produced by his melancholy words and his caressing tone. She buries her face on his shoulder, sobbing uncontrollably.

"They were not long!" she murmurs, brokenly. "Nothing is, nothing can be, long to me as long as I have you, or the hope of you!"

CHAPTER VI.

It is, perhaps, fortunate for Amelia that she cannot see the expression of the face which looks out above her prostrate head into space, with a blankness equal to what had been her own, a blankness streaked, as hers was not, with remorse. He would give anything to be able to answer her in her own key, to tell her that, as long as he can keep her, the going or coming of any lesser good hurts him as little as the brushing past his cheek of a summer moth or wind-blown feather.

"Have you realized," he says, "that I shall never be better off than I am now? never! *never!* For though of course I shall try to get work, one knows how successful that quest generally is in the case of a man with no special aptitudes, no technical training, and who starts in the race handicapped by being ten years too late!"

But the dismalness of this panorama raises no answering gloom in the young woman's face. She nods her head gently.

"I realize it."

"And this is what I have brought you to after all these years' waiting," he continues, in a tone of profound regret. "All I can offer you at the end of them is a not particularly genteel poverty, not even a cottage with a double coach-house!"—laughing grimly.

"I do not want a double coach-house, nor even a single one!" replies Amelia, stoutly, and laughing, too, a little through returning tears. "Do not you know that I had rather drive a costermonger's barrow with you than go in a coach and six without you!"

This is the highest flight of imagination of which Jim has ever known his matter-of-fact Amelia guilty, and he can pay her his thanks for it only in compunctious kisses. Perhaps it is they, perhaps it is the thought which dictates her next hesitating speech that brings a light into Amelia's tear-reddened eyes.

"If you will never be better off—" She stops.

"Yes, dear, go on; 'if I shall never be better off'—I certainly never shall; I feel sure that you will be able to put my earnings for the next ten years into your eye, and see none the worse for them!"

"If—you—will—never—be—better—off," she repeats again, more slowly, and breaking off at the same place.

"Well, dear?"

"If you will never be better off." This times she finishes her sentence; but it is rendered almost inaudible by the fact of her flushed face and quivering lips being pressed against his breast. "Why should we wait any longer?"

Why should we wait any longer? To most persons, granted the usual condition of feeling of a betrothed couple, this would seem a very natural and legitimate deduction from the premises; but, strange to say, it comes upon Burgoyne with the shock of a surprise. He has been thinking vaguely of his change of fortune as a cause for unlimited delay, perhaps for the rupture of his engagement, never as a reason for its immediate fulfillment.

He gives a sort of breathless gasp, which is happily too low for Amelia with her still hidden face to hear. To be married at once! To sit down for all time to Amelia and eight hundred pounds a year!

In a paroxysm of remorse he has lifted Amelia's face, and framing it with his hands, looks searchingly into it.

"I believe," he says, in a shaken voice, "that you would have married me eight years ago, on my pittance, if I had asked you!"

No "yes" was ever written in larger print than that which he read in her patient pale eyes. Even at this instant there darts across him a wish that they were not quite so pale, but he detests himself for it.

"And I never suspected it!" he cries, compunctiously. "I give you my word of honor, I never suspected it! I thought you looked upon my poverty in as prohibitory a light as I did myself."

"I do not call it such great poverty," replies Amelia, her practical mind reassuming its habitual sway over her emotions.

"But it would not be fair; it would be asking you to give up too much."

The meek abnegation of her rather worn voice brings his remorse uppermost again on the revolving wheel of his feelings.

"Is not it my turn to give up something?" he asks, tenderly; "and besides, it is time for me to settle! I am—I am tired of wandering!"

As this atrocious lie passes his lips, he catches his breath. Tired of the Sierras! Tired of the bivouacs among the dazzling snow! Tired of the august silence of the everlasting hills! Heaven forgive him for saying so! Perhaps there is no great air of veracity in his assertion, for she looks at him distrustfully, so distrustfully that he reshapes his phrase. "At least if I am not I ought to be!"

But still she gazes at him with a wistful and doubting intentness.

"If I could only believe that that was true!"

"It is true," replies he, evading her look; "at least, true enough for all working purposes; we all know that life is a series of compromises, a balancing of gain and loss. I shall lose something, I do not deny that, but I gain more, I gain *you!*"

In a desperate if not very well-judged attempt to convince her of his sincerity his next speech is uttered.

"Why should not we be married at once? to-morrow? the day after to-morrow? at the Consulate—of course there *is* a Consulate—or the English church, I suppose there are half a dozen English churches. Why not? We have nothing to wait for, and we are both of age!"

He has had no unkindly intention in the last words, but the moment that these are out of his mouth a glance at Amelia's unblooming face and unyouthful figure tell him that they were not happily chosen. At the first instant that the suggestion of an immediate marriage reaches the hearer's brain it sends a dart of joy

over her features. To be married at once! To put an end forever to the interminable waiting, to enter at last—at last upon the possession of the so long deferred Canaan. But in a second that first bright flash is chased away and gives place to a look of almost humiliation.

"You must be making fun of me, to suggest such a thing!" she says in a wounded voice; "you know how wildly impossible it would be that I should leave them all—my father, Sybilla, without any preparation."

"Without any preparation!" replies Jim, raising his eyebrows. "Have not you been preparing them for the last eight years?"

He feels a vague, unjust irritation with her for opposing his proposition, though deep down in his heart he knows that he would have felt a much greater annoyance had she eagerly closed with it.

It is fortunate for Amelia that she is too preoccupied by the thought of her own next speech to take in the full acerbity of the last remark.

"If you would consent to wait till we get home—father does not mean to stay in Italy beyond the end of the next month—we might be married in June, that" (with a pink flush of happiness) "would not be so long to wait."

In a second a sum of the simplest description executes itself in Burgoyne's head. It is now the second week of April, they are to be married in June, he has then eight weeks left. It shocks himself to find that this is the way in which he puts it. All the overt action that he permits himself, however, is to say with a shrug,

"As you will, then, as you will!" adding, since he feels that there is something discourteous even to unchivalry in so bald an acquiescence in his prospective bliss. "Of course, dear, the sooner I get you the better for me!"

No lover could have been overheard giving utterance to a more proper or suitable sentiment; so that it is lucky that this is just the moment that Cecilia chooses for entering.

"Do not be afraid," she says, with a laugh. "I will not stay a minute, but I just wanted to say 'How do you do?' How well you are looking! and how young!" with an involuntary glance of comparison from him to her sister; a glance, of which they are both rather painfully conscious. I dare say that Amelia has told you, or probably" (with a second and heavier sigh), "you have been more pleasantly employed."

"Amelia did hint at some disaster," replies Jim, struggling to conceal the rather grim smile which is curving his mouth, a feat the more difficult since he has no mustache to aid him; "but I have been waiting to hear all the details from yourself."

"I know that you are apt to think I fancy things," says Cecilia, sitting down on a third hard chair, "but there could be no fancy in this case; I am sure I was as much engaged as any girl ever was. I had chosen the drawing-room paper and bought the dining-room grate!"

"That is further than we ever got, is not it, Amelia?" says Jim, breaking, at the relation of this prosaic fact, into the laugh he has been with difficulty swallowing; "but, Cis, if I were you, I should keep the grate; one does not know how soon its services may be required again!"

"It is all very well for you to joke," returns Cecilia, with an offended air; "it may be play to you, but it is—"

"Not death, not quite death to you!" interrupts Burgoyne, glancing with an expressive smile at her buxom outline. "I think you will live to fight another day, will not you? But I really am extremely sorry; tell me all about it."

"He was perfectly right when we left England," says Cecilia, mollified at once, and apparently relieved by the invitation to unbosom herself of her woes; "nobody could have been more so; he came to see

us off at Folkestone, and the tears were in his eyes; they were really, it was not my imagination, was it, Amelia? And at first he wrote all right, and said all the usual things; but then his letters gradually grew fewer and fewer, and after I had written and telegraphed a great many times, I do not know how many times I did not telegraph to ask whether he was ill, and you know how expensive foreign telegrams are, he sent me a few lines, oh! such cruel lines, were not they, Amelia? to say that, on reflection, he feared that the feeling he had for me was not such as to justify his entering on so sacred an engagement as marriage with me; but he ought to have thought of that before, ought not he?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"I will never engage myself to a clergyman again," says Cecilia, pensively.

Burgoyne's thoughts have strayed at the mention of the cloth of his sister-in-law elect's truant admirer, to that member of the same profession who has lately robbed him of his heritage, and he replies with a good deal of feeling:

"They do play one dirty turns now and then, do not they? Yes, Cis, stick to laymen for the future!"

Cecilia receives this counsel with a melancholy sigh, fixing her large eyes on the carpet, but presently resumes the conversation in a livelier key.

"Let us talk about something pleasanter," she says. "Had you a good journey? Do you like your traveling companion? Why did not you bring him with you? Is he nice?"

"At all events he is not a clergyman," replies Jim, with a rather malicious smile; "but no, my dear, do not let your thoughts turn in that direction! You must look at him as poor women look at diamonds!"

"I am sure I do not know what you mean!" replies Cecilia, reddening. "I have not the slightest wish to look at him! I am not in spirits to 'look,' as you call it, at any one!"

A moment later she adds with a suspicion of malice in her tone:

"We are certainly an unlucky family in our loves! I, heartlessly thrown over, and Amelia engaged for eight years!"

Burgoyne smiles. "Amelia is not going to be engaged any longer," he says, putting his arm round his betrothed. "Amelia is going to be married at once!"

CHAPTER VII.

It would seem natural that after so long a separation Burgoyne should dine and spend the evening with his betrothed, but such is not the case. For this, however, he is not to blame; he is quite prepared to stay with her until she turns him out. Had he not better school himself to domestic habits, since he is so soon to assume them for life? But in consideration for Sybilla he is dismissed undined. It is not that she ever shares the family dinner at their table *à part* in the *salle à manger*, but the thought of their entertaining a guest with a conviviality far greater in her imagination than would be the case in reality, while she herself lies lonely on her couch of suffering, preys upon her spirits so much that her family have to abandon the idea. So, toward sunset, Jim is dismissed. He has no opportunity for any parting endearments to his lady-love, as the whole family are in the room, and it is Cecilia, not Amelia, who volunteers to walk across the hotel court-yard with him, for the advantage of a last word. What that last word is he is not slow to learn.

"You will take us some excursions, will not you?" she says, with a persuasive air, putting her arm through his. "Father is so unenterprising, we have really seen scarcely anything, but you will take us some excursions now, will not you?"

"Are you sure that your spirits are equal to them?" inquired Jim, unkindly.

"I do not know about that, I am sure," replies she, growing pink at his tone; "but one must make an exertion some time, and I think a little distraction would do me good, and so I am sure it would to poor Amelia!"

"Poor Amelia will shortly have the distraction of being married," rejoins the young man, who feels as if he could not repeat the statement of this fact too often to himself and others.

"And I think it would be only civil," continues Cecilia, persistently; "in fact, I do not see how you could avoid it if you invited your friend to join us."

But Jim escapes without having committed himself to this promise and wanders about the town in the lovely, lowering light.

He comes back to his hotel through the piazza of the Duomo. All the infinite richness of cupola and arch, high up, are still wrapped in the fiery rose cloak of sunset, while below the body of the great church with all its marbles and traceries and carved wonders, is clad in the sobriety of twilight. On reaching the Minerva he finds that Byng has not yet returned, or rather that he has been in and gone out again. He waits dinner half an hour for him, and then dines without him—dines in solitude, since it is not till his cup of coffee is before him, and his cigarette between his lips, that his young friend appears. It is evidently no unpleasant errand that has detained him, for he arrives beaming, and too excited even to perceive the *menu* which a waiter offers him.

"They have arrived!" he cries. Oddly enough it never occurs to Burgoyne to inquire who "they" may be; it seems as much a matter of course to him as to the handsome pink-and-white boy before him, that the pronoun must relate to Elizabeth Le Marchant and her mother.

His only answer, however, is an "Oh!" whose tone is rather more eagerly interested than he could have wished.

"I thought that they could not stay more than another day in Genoa," continues Byng, at length becoming aware of the *menu* at his elbow, but only to wave it impatiently away. "So I thought I would just run down to the station to meet the evening train, the one we came by last night; however, it must have been more punctual than yesterday, for before I reached the station I met them; I mean they passed me in a fiacre. I only caught a glimpse of her face, but I saw her hand, it was lying on the carriage door like a snow-flake."

"Like my grandmother!" cries Burgoyne in a rage, for which he cannot quite account to himself at this ingenious and novel simile.

Byng laughs the laugh of a thoroughly sweet-natured person, who in addition has some special cause for good-humor.

"I do not know what color your grandmother was, but she must have been very unlike most people's if she was like a snow-flake."

Jim's cross mouth unbends into a reluctant smile. It is not the first time that he has discovered how useless and also impossible it is to be out of humor with Byng.

"I had a good mind to tell my fiacre man to follow them," continued Byng, in an excited voice; "but in the first place I did not know how to say it—really, Jim, we must get up a little of the lingo—and, in the second place, I thought it would perhaps be rather too much in the private detective line."

"I think it would have been extremely ungentlemanlike!" rejoins Jim, severely.

Byng reddens, but still without losing his temper.

"That is coming it rather strong, is not it? but anyhow, I did not do it." And then, by tacit agreement, they both drop the subject.

During the next three or four days it

is not named between them, nor indeed do they see much of each other. Burgoyne spends the greater part of his days with Amelia. Whatever cause for the accusation he may have given during the previous eight years, nobody can say that he neglects her now. He passes long hours at her side, on the same hard chair that had supported him on their first interview in the little dismal dining-room, going into calculations of house-rent and taxes, drawing up lists of necessary furniture.

And meanwhile Jim is keenly, and for some reason sorely, conscious of the fact that, during the hours in which he is stooping his weary head over catalogues of fenders and fire-irons, carving knives and fish slices, blankets and ticking, Byng is searching Florence through her length and breadth for their two countrywomen.

One day the elder man is sitting in his bedroom with a dispatch-box and a sheet of paper before him. He is embarked upon a dreary calculation as to what his guns will fetch. He has made up his mind to sell them. Byng enters.

"You look as if you had a headache, old chap," he says, sitting down upon his friend's bed.

"If you had been going through as many kitchen-ranges as I have this morning, perhaps you would have a headache," replies Jim, gravely. "You know that I am going to be married as soon as I get home."

Byng nods; and Burgoyne, while inwardly blessing the tact that spares him any congratulations, takes himself to task for having made the announcement so lugubriously as to render felicitation obviously inapplicable.

"When are you going to introduce me to Miss Wilson?" asks Byng, presently. "If you shirk it much longer, I shall think that you are ashamed of me."

Jim glances affectionately, yet not quite comfortably, at his young friend, and the thought flashes across his mind that, in his last remark, the latter has put the saddle on the wrong horse.

"You have so large an acquaintance in Florence already," he says, with some stiffness, "that I did not know that you would care to add to it."

"One cannot have too much of a good thing," replies the other, joyously. "You know I love my fellow-creatures; and in this case," he adds, civilly, "I do care very much."

Burgoyne's eyes are bent on the paper before him, which contains the melancholy enumeration of his fire-arms—"A 500 double-barreled express, by Henry, of Edinburgh; a 450 single-barreled ditto, by same maker," etc., etc.—as he says, slowly:

"I shall be very happy."

His acceptance of the proposition can hardly be called eager; but of this Byng appears unaware.

"When shall it be, then? To-day—this afternoon?"

"No-o-o; not to-day, I think. It has been arranged that we are to go to San Miniato—Amelia, her sister, and I."

"Three of you?" cries Byng, raising his eyebrows. "Then why not four? Why may not I come too?"

There being, in point of fact, no reason why he should not, and Cecilia's morning prayer being still ringing in her future brother-in-law's ears, he gives a dull and lagging assent; so that at about three o'clock the two men present themselves at the door of the Wilsons' apartment at the Anglo-Américain Hotel. That Sybilla is not expecting visitors is evident by the fact that, at the moment of their entrance she is taking her own temperature—a very favorite relaxation of hers—with a clinical thermometer. She removes the instrument from her mouth without indecent haste, and holds out a languid white hand to Byng.

"So you are going off on a long afternoon's pleasuring?" she says, with a pathetic smile. "I am so glad that neither of

my sisters is going to stay at home with me. We invalids must guard against growing selfish, though I think that is perhaps more the danger with *malades imaginaires;* we real ones have learned our lesson of suffering better, I hope."

"You do not look so very ill," replies Byng, in his sympathetic voice, letting his eyes rest caressingly on the prostrate figure, which has yet no smallest sign of emaciation about it.

"Ah! that is because of my color," replies Sybilla, with an animation slightly tinged with resentment. "You, too, fall into that common error. My London doctor tells me that there is no such unerring indication of radical delicacy of constitution as a fixed pink color like mine; the more feverish I am, the deeper it grows. It is very hard"—smiling again, sadly—"for one gets no pity!"

"Where is Cecilia?" cries Jim, brusquely, and fidgetting in his chair. "Why is not she ready?"

As he speaks, the young lady in question enters—so obviously arrayed for conquest, in so patently new a hat, and such immaculate pale gloves that across Burgoyne's mind there flashes, in vexed mirth, the recollection of the immortal caution addressed by Major O'Dowd to his friend and comrade, "Moind your oi, Dob, my boy!" Would he not do well to repeat it to *his* friend?

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY are off now, there being nothing further to retard them, leaving Sybilla *tête-à tête* with her thermometer. They are off, sociably packed in one fiacre.

Burgoyne sits opposite Amelia; and as for Cecilia, it is to be supposed that her heartache is for the moment dulled, since the same carriage-rug covers her knees and those of Byng.

They have left their fiacre, and, as naturally happens in a *partie carrée*—more especially when one couple are betrothed lovers—have broken into pairs. Burgoyne leans pensively on the terrace parapet, and his sombre eyes rest on the band of sister hills, joining hands in perpetual watch round valley and town.

He arouses himself to remember that Amelia is beside him, and that he ought to say something to her.

"Let us go into the church," he says, in a tone that a little dulls his companion's buoyancy.

She follows him crestfallenly, asking herself whether she has answered amiss here also. She does not trust herself to any comment upon the interior.

Byng and Cecilia are standing before the high altar, from over which a mosaic Madonna stiffly beams upon them; and as the other couple approach them Burgoyne hears the words, "drawing-room grate," issue from his future sister-in-law's lips.

"Bravo, Cis!" he says in a dry aside; "you are getting on nicely! I did not think that you would have reached the drawing-room grate till to-morrow."

To avoid intruding further on her delicate confidences, and also to escape from two Americans, who are nasally twanging Hare and Horner at each other, varied by trips into Baedeker, he passes into a side chapel made famous by one of the loveliest tombs that ever feigned to simulate in marble death's ugliness.

Burgoyne has not perceived that Amelia did not follow him. She has, in point of fact, remained in the body of the church, immersed in her guide-book, steadily working through the marble screen and pulpit, and still five good minutes off the side chapel, in which her lover stands in so deeply brown a study that he is not aware of the intrusion upon his solitude of two women, until he is roused with a leap by the voice of one of them addressing—not him, of whose presence she is obviously unaware as was he of hers until this moment—but her companion.

"O mother! am I not a fool, at my age, too? but I cannot help it, it makes me cry so!"

Burgoyne does not need the evidence of his eyes. His ears and his startled heart have enough assured him whose are the tears called forth by that indeed most touching effigy at which he himself has been so pensively staring.

The mother's answer is inaudible; and then again comes the voice of Elizabeth Le Marchant, tearful and vibrating:

"You know I have seen so few beautiful things in my life, I shall get used to them presently; it is only sheer happiness that makes me—"

She stops abruptly, having evidently discovered for herself, or been made aware by her mother of his vicinity; and even if she had not done so, he feels that he must lose no time in announcing himself.

"Florence is a place that does make one often choky," he says, eagerly taking the hand which she hesitatingly and with some confusion offers him.

It is not quite true; Florence has never made him feel choky; and, if he is experiencing that sensation now, it is certainly not the dead cardinal of Portugal who is giving it to him.

"I am a fool, a perfect fool!" replies Elizabeth, hastily and shamefacedly wiping away her tears.

To give her time to recover herself, and also because he has not yet greeted the girl's mother, Jim turns to her.

"Did not I tell you that we should meet here?"

There is such undisguised joy and triumph in his tone that perhaps Mrs. Le Marchant has not the heart to dash his elation; at all events, he is conscious in her tone of a less resolute determination to keep him at arm's-length than on their two last meetings.

"I do not think that I contradicted you," she answers, smiling.

He may steal another look at Elizabeth now. She is not crying any longer. Indeed, despite the real moisture on her cheeks, she strikes him as looking happier than at their last meeting; and though the interval between now and then is too short for any such alteration to have taken place in reality, yet he cannot help imagining that the hollows in those very cheeks are less deep than when they stood together before the great Vandyke in the Brignoli Sala Palace.

"And the Entresol? is it all your fancy painted it?" he asks, quickly, feeling a sort of panic fear that if he stops putting questions for one minute they will slip out of his grasp again, as they did in the Genoese Palace.

Elizabeth's face breaks into a soft bright smile. She has a dimple in one cheek and not in the other. She must have had it ten years ago; how comes he to have forgotten so sweet and strange a peculiarity?

"It is delightful—perfectly delightful!"

"Large enough to receive your friends in, after all?"

But the moment that the words are out of his mouth, he perceives that he has made a false step, and is somehow treading dangerous ground. Elizabeth's smile goes out, like a light blown into nothingness by a sudden wind.

"We have not many friends," she murmurs, "we—we are not going out at all."

He hastens to change his cue.

"Byng and I are at the Minerva," he says, beginning to talk very fast; "I wonder if, by any chance, you are in our neighborhood; have I forgotten or did you ever tell me where the Entresol lies? Where is it, by the bye?"

Ensnared by the wily and brazen suddenness of this demand, Miss Le Marchant has evidently no evasion ready, and, after an almost imperceptible pause of hesitation, answers:

"We are at 12 Bis Piazza d'Azeglio."

She is looking doubtfully and half uneasily in his face, as she gives this answer,

but he has scarcely time for a flash of self-congratulation at having obtained the information, which he had never realized the eagerness of his desire for until this moment, before he becomes aware that his interlocutor's eyes are no longer meeting his, but have wandered to some object over his shoulder. What that object is he is not long left in doubt. Whether it is a genuine accident, or one of those spurious ones of which those who profit by them are the artificers, Jim does not know; and, as he is at the time, and will be when he thinks of the circumstance to the end of his life, too angry to question Byng on the subject, it is pretty certain that he never *will* know; but so it is that at this moment the voice of his *protege* breaks upon his ear.

"You are not going to give us the slip like this, old chap—oh! I beg your pardon!"

But begging pardon ever so sweetly does not alter the fact that he has rushed, like a bull in a china shop, into the middle of the dialogue. All four look at each other for a second; then, since there is no help for it, Jim presents his disciple, and the next moment the latter has slid into talk with Elizabeth, and she is responding with an ease and freedom from embarrassment such as had never marked her sparse and hardly won utterances to the elder man.

Byng has the advantage of him, as he somewhat bitterly thinks. Byng has no connection with "old times," those poor old times which she and her mother have so unaccountably taken *en grippe*. He seems suddenly relegated, as by some natural affinity, to the mother. On their two last meetings the eagerness to converse has been all on his side; yet now he has nothing to say to her. It is she who addresses him.

"I hope that you found your young lady flourishing," she says, civilly.

He gives a slight inward start, though —as he is thankful to feel—his body is quiet. "His young lady!" Yes, of course he has a young lady! Has there been any danger during the last five minutes of his forgetting that fact? and has Mrs. Le Marchant done him an unnecessary service in recalling it?

"Oh! yes, thanks, she is all right!"

"Is she still in Florence?"

"Yes, she is here; by the bye"—looking round with a sudden sense that he ought to have missed her—"what has become of her? Oh! here she is!"

For even while the words are on his lips, Amelia and Cecilia come into sight. Amelia with a shut Baedeker, and the serene look of an easy conscience and a thoroughly performed duty on her amiable face; Cecilia with a something of search and disquiet in her large rolling eye which would have made him laugh at another time.

A sudden instinct, with which his will has nothing to do makes him flash a look back at Mrs. Le Marchant, as if to gauge the effect produced upon her by his betrothed; and, following her glance, he finds that it is resting on Cecilia. She thinks that he is engaged to Cecilia. The mistake is intolerable to him, and yet a second's reflection tells him that it is a natural one. In a second he sees his Amelia as she presents herself to a strange eye. Miss Wilson is only thirty-one, but upon her has already come that set, solid look of middle age which overtakes some women before they are well over the borders of youth, and which other women manage to stave off till they are within near hail of forty. Yes; the mistake is quite a natural one. Most people would suppose that the showy Cecilia, still fairly youthful, and with so many obvious and well-produced "points," must be his choice; and yet, as I have said, the idea that any one should credit him with her ownership is intolerable to him.

"Here she is!" he cries, precipitately. "The one to the right side, the other is

her sister; may I—may I present them to you?"

Perhaps it is his irritated fancy that dictates the idea, but it seems to him as if he detected a sort of surprise in Mrs. Le Marchant's face when he effects the introduction he has proposed, and to which she accedes courteously, after a pause of hesitation about as long as had followed his inquiry of Elizabeth as to their address.

Five minutes later they have all sauntered out again on the terrace, and Burgoyne is again leaning on the wall. Since last he looked at it half an hour ago, a sort of glorification has passed over the divine view. Down where the river twists through the plain country there is a light, dainty mist, but the mountains have put on their fullest glory. They are not green, or brown, or purple, or blue; but clad in that ineffable raiment woven by the sun that defies our weak vocabulary to provide it with a name. A little snow-chain lies on the sun-warmed neck of Morello, and along the tops of the further Apennines, right against the acute blue of the heavens, lies a line of snow that looks like a fleece-soft cloud resting from its journeyings, on their crests; but it is no cloud, nor is there any speck upon the gigantic complete arch that over-vaults town and valley and radiant mountains. In the folds of these last the shadows slumber; but over all the city is the great gold glory of spring. The one thing in Florence that frowns among so many smiles is the scowling Pitti, and that, from here, is invisible. Nearer to him, against the azure, stand the solemn flame-shaped cypresses arow, and beside them—as unlike as life to death—a band of quivering poplars, a sort of transparent gold-green in their young spring livery. The air is so clear that one can go nigh to counting the marbles on the Duomo walls. In a more transparent amber light, fuller of joy and gayety, cannot the saved be dancing around, as in Fra Angelico's divine picture? cannot they be walking in the New Jerusalem of St. John's great dream? Only in the New Jerusalem there are no galled and trembling-kneed fiacre horses.

Elizabeth is sitting on the wall, her light figure—is it possible that it has been in the world only four years less than Amelia's solid one?—half-supported by one small gray hand outspread on the stone; her little fine features all tremulous with emotion, and half a tear gathered again in each sweet eye. As Jim looks at her, a sort of cold covetous gripe pinches his heart.

"What a woman with whom to look at all earth's loveliness—with whom to converse without speech!"

Even as he so thinks, she turns her head toward him, and, drawing in her breath with a long low sigh, says:

"Oh! how glad I am I did not die before to-day!"

Her eyes are turned toward him, and yet, as once before, he realizes that it is not to him that either her look or her thoughts are directed. Both are aimed at an object over his shoulder, and, as before, that object is Byng. Byng, too, has been gazing at the view. There are tears in Byng's eyes also. Stephenson says that some women like a man who cries. Byng cries easily and genuinely, and enjoys it; and, as he is a remarkably fine young man, there is something piquant in the contrast between his wet blue orbs and his shoulders.

As Burgoyne rolls home that afternoon in his fiacre, as before, placed opposite Amelia, his mental vision is fixed with a teasing tenacity upon the figure of a smallish woman, perennially looking, through brilliant tears, over his shoulder at somebody else.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"BESIDE ALL WATERS."

IT was a summer Sunday afternoon, and through the western window of the old gray village church the slanting sunbeams poured a flood of many-colored light upon the worn stone pavement. The noble army of Martyrs, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, stood out in all their glory of crimson and gold; and from the Apostles' window an amber ray from the robe of St. John the Divine fell full upon the children in the wide old rectory pew, touching each little head as with an aureole.

The church was unusually full, for the tidings that a stranger was to preach that afternoon had brought out many who would otherwise have found the August sun a sufficient excuse for taking things quietly at home. They were a good, honest, steady-going set of people, and devoted to their own Rector, who had been with them many years, but with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade, it is hardly surprising that it took that very great novelty, a stranger, to draw them once more from the distant parts of the village when the bell rang for afternoon service.

A stranger "parson" was a rare phenomenon in a little obscure hamlet buried away in the heart of the country. Moreover, this particular parson was a man whose fame had penetrated even into this remote old-world village; a man who was noted as one of those zealous and self-denying workers whose lives are spent in a hand-to-hand conflict with evil in some of the many "dark places" of the great far-off metropolis. He was taking a brief and hardly-earned holiday, walking through the green lanes and country villages, resting and refreshing heart and brain, sick and tired with the noise and strife of London. He had stayed the night before at the little inn, and while wandering about in the meadows had come upon the Rector returning from a sick call, and had fallen into friendly chat which ended in an offer to help on the morrow, and to preach for him in the afternon.

"But," expostulated the Rector, looking at his companion's worn face, graven with lines not of age, but of hard work and care, "I thought you were taking a holiday!"

The other laughed as he answered: "It will not hurt me. I have been too long in harness to be ever quite happy out of it. I have taken a fancy to this place; perhaps I shall never see it again, and I have a feeling I should like to say a word to your people, if you will let me."

So he had his way, and as he went up the pulpit-stairs quite a crowd of faces were lifted toward him. Only in the rectory pew one little head remained bent until the first sound of his voice.

He stood quite still for a moment as the last notes of the hymn died away, and in that moment his searching eyes had taken in the whole scene. The group of children just below him, the rugged farmers with their buxom wives, the rough laborers, the village shopkeepers with their more fashionable sons and daughters, the old men and women from the almshouses, the school-children in the gallery, and the sprinkling of the "gentry" come on purpose to hear him. Beyond, through the open doors, he caught a glimpse of waving trees and a glimmer of gold from the corn-fields, the faint twitter of birds was in the air and the glow of the setting sun was over all. In that brief moment it framed itself in his mind like a picture, and became a part of an after-memory. Then he raised his voice and said, in pene-

trating accents that rang through the church, rousing the dullest to attention and lingering for long in the minds of some of his hearers :

"*And as* JESUS *passed by He saw a man which was blind from his birth.*"

It had been part of his morning reading, and the passage had struck him as likely, from its narrative form, to attract the attention of his congregation. A startled thrill seemed to run through the people, and the little bent head just below the pulpit was raised, and a pair of soft brown eyes were turned slowly toward him.

There was a profound silence, and the child sat as if spell-bound while the preacher sketched for them in words made vivid by his strong and vivid faith the strange dark world in which that blind man moved—never lighted by sun or star ; always the spirit sitting alone in its shadowed chamber, unable even to picture what the outside world was like. The dawning of day over the distant hills ; the sunbeams dancing on the wavelets of that pool of Siloam ; the glories of the Eastern night, when countless burning stars hung over the stately city of Jerusalem ; the wonders of the mighty Temple—all these were as a sealed book to him. The people thronging to and fro known only by a sense of presence and of touch. Nay, even those who loved him best; the mother who bore him, and who had doubtless wept bitter tears for him : recognized only as a voice ! And then he pictured the sudden change of light for darkness, as sudden as the change from death to life, when the waters of Siloam touched those sightless orbs, and they opened to the dazzle and brightness of the sunlight, the shifting multitude of countless forms; and distinct amidst them all, more glorious than any ray of sun to him, the grave kind eyes of Jesus Christ looking down with such unspeakable love upon His finished work. Ah ! was it not almost worth while to have been born blind, for in the first moment of sight his soul looked out of the long-darkened windows, and saw the face of Him who was the Light of the World !

Clearly and tellingly the speaker dwelt upon the story, with its wonderful complex meanings, bringing home its lessons with irresistible force to the hearts and consciences of his hearers.

The sorrow and suffering that darken the face of the whole earth, the sins that blind and distort, the follies that lead astray, were touched upon with unsparing realistic force, but the closing words were words of comfort and hope.

" Somewhere or other, some time or other, you will all stand in the midst of that penetrating light and look on Him. Even now He may be very near ; the thing that troubles you so much may be the herald of His footsteps. Oh ! be sure you obey His voice ! And then when you lift your eyes you will see not only the meaning of all the darkness, but—Himself. God in His mercy grant you that revelation ! And for those whose outward eyes are really darkened—those who are as His martyrs glorifying His name —pray for them, beloved, you who have this beautiful, changeful world to speak to you of your God. But think also how marvelous will be their revelation, when they who have never seen the traces of sorrow and the hideous mask of sin that saddens this our earth shall be made whole as they look to Him and are lightened. Often have I tried to picture it to myself, and it seems to me that all their gladness will be concentrated in this stupendous vision, and that the first words spoken in the risen life may be that joyful cry, 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see.' Yea, and that sight shall compensate for the gloom of the long night of earth, for their eyes shall see the King in His beauty ; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

The sermon was ended, and the congregation streamed out into the peaceful graveyard where the quiet dead slept beneath the daisied grass. Some of the people stood talking in little groups together; others hurried away as if their hearts were full.

The preacher stood apart from them, leaning over the wicket-gate and looking out at the peaceful land. The sound of children's voices fell upon his ear, and he turned to see the Rector with his bevy of laughing lads and lassies dancing round him, while one little lad of about eleven was clinging closely to his father's hand. "Take me to him," the child was saying as they drew near. He recognized the curly head round which the sunbeams had been playing all the afternoon, and with a thrill of pain there flashed across him the meaning of the anxious, startled look with which the Rector had turned to him as he read out his text—the child was blind.

"Oh! I am so grieved," he began almost instinctively as he moved forward. "Why did no one tell me?"

But the child, guided by his voice, stretched out his hands to him, saying, as he felt himself taken into those kind arms:

"Oh! sir, did you make that sermon for me?" And then he added: "I have been very cross and complaining, I know, but now I am going to be good. And will it be just like that when Jesus Christ comes to open my eyes?"

The Rector drew his companion aside for a moment, and there were tears in his eyes as he told him of the trouble that shadowed their home.

"He has been blind from his birth, my poor little lad," he said, "yet he has always been the happiest little creature until this last summer. But lately, I cannot tell why, except that he has not been very strong, he seems to have come to a knowledge of his loss, and he frets over it that it almost breaks his mother's heart, and nothing I can say seems to meet his need. I own I shivered when you began, until I saw his rapt expression, and then I felt that you had a message for him. He was so anxious to speak to you himself that I could not refuse him. Will it trouble you too much to talk to him a little? You must come back with me to spend the evening."

"Leave him to me for a little while here, will you, and I will bring him home?" asked the other. Adding gently: "Forgive me; what pain I must have caused you. I never dreamed of such a thing. Had I known, I should never have dared to preach that sermon. And yet, perhaps, it was what I came here for."

He turned as he spoke, and little Sebastian slipped his hand into his, and thus they left them together. The other children shrank a little from the somewhat stern, brown-bearded man, but the blind child felt no such fear. He knew by instinct that he was as safe within those sheltering arms as in his father's care, and as they sat together on a grassy mound, he clung to him as if he had known him all his life, while he poured into those sympathetic ears the story of the sorrow that oppressed him.

In childish language, yet with more than a child's intensity of feeling, he described how, surrounded with love and care, shielded with such untiring devotion, it was long before he realized that he was different from the other children. Until now that he was older the sense of his calamity had been gradually growing upon him, and the knowledge of the beauty and usefulness from which he was shut out pressed upon him with a weight that almost crushed the childish spirit. Brothers and sisters off at school, and he must always stay at home. Every day less and less was he able to share in their work or play. In all their plans and hopes he could take no part. They would go out into the world and live their lives,

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but for him there would never be a man's work, a man's place. He must always be a burden at home, never a helper.

"Until sometimes I think," he added, with a precocious sadness, "that God did not love me as much as my brothers and sisters, else why did He let me be blind?"

Patiently and earnestly his companion talked to him. He did not seek to treat him as a child, for he saw that here was a nature developed beyond his years. Rather as though to an equal he strove to set before him both the mystery and the blessedness of pain. The very finger of God touching humanity, the fellowship of His suffering, the true sonship with the Father. Strange thoughts for a child and difficult to grasp, but every word seemed to fall like balm upon the little wounded heart.

"And remember, my boy," he added, "God never makes a useless thing. He has put you into the world, and He has something for you to do; to be brave and true and to set forward the honor of His name. And be sure that it is through your blindness, the very thing that seems to you to make you powerless, that He has willed your work shall be done. It is because He loves you so dearly that He has made you a co-worker with Him to carry out His will. We cannot understand now, you and I, but one day you will wake up and see the meaning of it all; and when you see it and see Him, then, indeed, you will be satisfied."

Life is full of such meetings and partings, and on the morrow the stranger went his way, but he left a blessing behind him. There were those in the village who never forgot that sermon, and who still look back to it as a turning-point when they made their first real stand against evil, and groping blindly after God, sought until they were found of Him.

But it was to the Rector's little son that his message had come in all its fullest meaning—it was woven into the very fabric of the child life. He became once more the bright, merry little lad of old, yet with a difference; gentler, tenderer, and more patient than he had ever been before. He grew to be the household comforter, the one to plan and think of endless little acts of kindness; the one always at leisure to sympathize with every joy or trouble; always ready with hopeful words and caresses, that, as his mother often said, "took away the sting of things." And not only in his own home, but by many a cottage hearth, his presence was as welcome as the sunshine; while for himself he seemed to have ceased to trouble.

"I shall see one day," was his hopeful answer to any word of pity, and in that hope he rested. Those who loved him best, as they caught his clear low laugh, and saw his sweet unselfish ways, and daily growth in true yet childlike holiness, gave ceaseless thanks to God for this their greatest earthly blessing. And even as they prayed they trembled, they scarce knew why—he seemed nearer heaven than earth.

And the preacher, what of him? He had returned again to his work, and the pressing needs and claims of his great city parish, the stunted souls and perishing bodies; and the ceaseless strife with sorrow and sin once more absorbed every faculty.

Yet the memory of that afternoon lingered long in his heart, and for the sake of it some three years later he turned aside on another brief holiday and stayed once more at the little inn. A man of few words, he asked no questions but shortly made his way toward the Rectory. As he passed through the peaceful churchyard something attracted his attention. It was the sunlight falling on a white marble cross, and lighting up with startling distinctness the inscription: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind,

now I see." And beneath it the words: "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

At once the truth was borne in upon him, and it scarcely needed the name to tell him who lay sleeping there. There were tears in his eyes as he stood beside that little grassy bed under the great Apostles' window, where the western sunlight always fell.

As he lingered on, a hand was suddenly laid upon his arm, and he turned to face the Rector. There was a close handclasp, but neither spoke. At last the father said, brokenly:

"I thought we should see you again. Yes, we have given him back to God, the light of our eyes. It was the fever in the spring-time. I knew from the first how it would be, and he was so glad to go. Death had no terrors for him, for he had never forgotten that sermon of yours, and often we have thanked you in our hearts for what you had done for him. I believe he had learned to be more than content, to be happy in his lot, with that end in view. And just at the last he stretched out his arms as though he saw some one who was hid from our eyes, while his face lighted up with a wonderful flush of joy, as he cried out: 'Father, mother, tell him it is just as he said—now I see.'"

The Rector broke off suddenly, and again both were silent. And then the young man said, sadly:

"I had so hoped to see him again. I have never forgotten that earnest little face. But my life is so full of work; it is so rarely I have a moment free. Ah! I wish that I might have seen him again!" And as he looked toward the western skies, and thought of the glories opened evermore to those unclouded eyes, he added: "I came to ask, 'Is it well with the child?' and I am answered, 'Surely, it is well.'"

Amid his lonely, often thankless labor, when the seed must be sown so constantly, and the reaping comes so rarely, there flashes from time to time across the vision of one of God's most faithful servants a sudden memory of a wistful, childish face, with its soft blind eyes—eyes that are open now in the glad light of Paradise—and it brings to him a message of hope of the final solving of the dark and difficult problems of human griefs and human sin; and he says to himself, as he turns again to the unceasing conflict, "One day I too shall see."

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

WE are very apt to divide human life into the pleasant and the unpleasant, the sweet and the bitter, joy and sorrow, good and evil, and to suppose that out of the former springs all our happiness and welfare—out of the latter all our misery and failure. In so doing, however, we entirely ignore the fact that contrast is a necessary and valuable element in life and happiness.

OBSTINACY is a bad thing to live with and to have to submit to, but infirmity of purpose is a worse. In the former you have at least a sense of solidity and persistence; with the latter you are like a leaf, not borne on the current, but tossed about on the foam, and where you will be landed is a secret to which you have not the remotest clue.

NEVER wash cups, plates, spoons, and knives used in the sick room with those of the family. Scarlet fever and other infectious diseases have been spread in this way. Do not eat in the sick person's room, or partake of anything that has stood there.

LETTERS FROM VANITY FAIR.

LETTER No. 3.

VANITY FAIR, February, 1890.

DEAR EDITORS:—I *had* to wait until Lent began, because you see we were obliged to crowd so many parties and things into the last few weeks before that.

Mamma is *very* strict and punctilious about all her Church duties, and she insists that we conform to her views, so when we went to the last german of the season she actually dragged Blanche and me away at five minutes to twelve o'clock the night before Ash Wednesday. But, really, I don't mind Lent a bit now because I know that there are *heaps* of nice things that one may do still, and I've got it all arranged—about myself, I mean. I shall go to five o'clock service every afternoon, and some of the *nicest* young men will be sure to be waiting outside, and will most likely walk home with me; and besides going to church, I don't intend to eat a single bon-bon during the whole of Lent; and now I just leave it to you if that isn't making quite a sacrifice when I love French bon-bons better than anything in the whole world.

I have got a secret to tell you the very first thing. You know I told you that Blanche's marriage was to take place on the twenty-third; well, there is to be no wedding at all. It is indefinitely postponed. Isn't it a mercy that we had not sent out the cards? They were all ordered and poor Blanche's trousseau had nearly all come home. Mamma is as cross and silent as the sphynx, and Blanche is of course as blue as blue can be.

They have not told me one thing about the reason for breaking off the match, and Frank Archer's name is never spoken in the house, but, just between ourselves, I suspect he had been doing something that was so outbreaking that papa had to take the matter into his own hands, for I went suddenly to the library-door one night and there was poor Blanche down on her knees by papa's big chair, and he had both arms around her and was looking *so* pale and troubled. She was sobbing as if her heart would break, and I heard papa say, "there, there, don't cry, little girl; he isn't worth a tear."

Of course I slipped away without being seen, and I didn't hear another word, but I do believe that *liquor* is at the bottom of the whole dreadful business, for I know I have *seen* Frank Archer drinking plenty of times, and heard too about his going off on sprees.

I *am* awfully sorry for poor Blanche, but she has no end of pluck, for she shows a brave front to the world and just keeps on going and going, and she laughs and talks and sings just the same.

You see here in Vanity Fair folks *cannot* stop to mourn about things and cry and lament. If you once get into the swim you've just *got* to keep up, and keep going, or else you'll go *under*, that's all. I've found that out as well as several other things during this first season of mine.

There are so many things that I want to tell you, I can't think what were the most important ones that I promised to write to you about. Oh! I know! the "Browning Club" and the "Current News" class.

I joined both of them, for mamma said that all the richest and most fashionable girls were in both, and it would be so nice for me to have somewhere to go during Lent.

At the "Current News" class we have a grave professor of literature who gives us a lecture during the first hour—that is, before the men come—then he asks us questions, and when we don't know things he explains them to us; then after that we all turn it into a regular party, only we don't *call* it that, and talk and laugh and eat salads and terrapin and ices, et cetera, until twelve o'clock.

You haven't the least idea how very improving these classes are.

Now just to show you. One lecture was upon "European Politics," and I actually didn't know that *they had* any politics over there. I thought Americans were the only people who kept themselves in a ferment all the time with politics.

I learned so much that night that my head felt just *crammed* with information, and papa looked so pleased the next morning at breakfast when I said:

"I do wish, papa, that you would talk to me about politics, and I want you to explain about the 'tariff' and tell me what a 'quorum' means."

I didn't see what there was funny in this, but papa just *roared*, but he did explain to me all about both. Then I told him that our next lecture was to be on the "Irish Question," and that I wanted him to explain every single thing about it to me so I need not seem such a little goose at the meeting.

"Ask your mother, Eva," said papa, "she can tell you all about it for she has been at work on the 'Irish Question' ever since we kept house."

"But, papa, what is home rule? They talk all the time about it."

"It's these heavy rolls and burnt steak that Bridget sends up every morning," said he.

Mamma looked severe.

"Mr. Thornton, for shame!" said she, "how can you ever expect your children to be clever or at all intellectual if you treat them in that way?"

Papa went off laughing, only stopping to say, as he was putting on his overcoat in the hall:

"So! the intellectual is the dodge during Lent, is it, Eva?"

I know you will think we are always having dreadful things happen in this family when I tell you that just the very day before my "four o'clock girls' tea," that I told you I was going to have, a cab drove up to our door with an old hair trunk strapped on top of it, and who should come climbing down out of it but Aunt Evaline, papa's sister from some out-of-the-way place, Heaven knows where, way off in the country.

Blanche was at the window and she saw the show first.

"Look," she cried, "here is an old woman coming here in a cab; she is getting out, and, oh! mercy! the driver is taking off a trunk that must have come out of the ark."

We all rushed to the window to see who it could be, except mamma, who said, tranquilly, "Of course it is some one who has mistaken the house." Just two minutes more, and we heard voices and papa's step in the hall, and directly the door opened and in he came with his arm actually around the absurd old lady from the cab.

"Maria," he said, rather peremptorily, "Maria, here is Evaline, sister Evaline."

I think for once mamma's equanimity was near failing, for she turned quite pale and recoiled a little—just a little, but papa's eye was on her and she rallied in a second, and managed to greet the unwelcome guest with a tolerable show of cordiality.

"Girls, this is your Aunt Evaline," she said, and, of course, Blanche and I followed her lead and tried to be polite, for we knew at once that this was papa's old-maid sister who lived on the farm way up in the mountains in the very house where papa and all of them were born.

You know papa *would* name me after

her, for, you see, she is his only sister, but mamma changed it to Eva because, as she said, "Evaline was such a fearfully old-fashioned name."

Now, wasn't it too bad that she should come just at that time?

We couldn't hint to her that she had better stay up-stairs, for that would have hurt her feelings, and yet we knew beyond a doubt that there wasn't a single presentable dress in that old hair trunk of hers, and there wasn't time to buy her a new dress.

I tell you, we were in an awful dilemma. However, we *had* to face it, and she did have a black silk dress, made at least ten years ago, and as shiny as if it had been oiled.

She *did* have a sweet, kind old face, and when she put on the dress with its little frill of yellow thread lace in the neck and at the wrists, she didn't look so dreadfully after all.

Of course I wore full evening dress—low neck and short sleeves—and this was the beginning of our troubles, for auntie was perfectly horrified.

"Maria," she cried, "you don't mean to let that child be seen in such an outrageous dress. I'm pretty old myself, but it makes *me* blush; it's positively disgraceful."

"The dress is well enough, Evaline; it is the style of dressing here, and we *have* to conform to custom," said mamma, in her calm, judicial manner.

"Well, suppose it *is*. If you took the child to one of the Fiji Islands, you would feel obliged to adopt their style of dress, scanty though it is, would you?"

Mamma did not condescend a reply to this shot, and *I* didn't dare to say a word, for you see, as I am named for her, I *have* thought she *might* feel like giving me the lovely gold beads that used to be Grandmamma Thornton's, but I *was* awfully mad with her.

Well, after this specimen it is needless to tell you that Aunt Evaline just spoiled my "tea" most effectually.

She was *everywhere*, and it seemed to me that she talked to every single solitary girl of the fifty who were there, and they looked at her queer dress and giggled and whispered till I felt almost frantic.

I believe she told at least a dozen different girls that papa used to drive the stage when he was a very young man, and that mamma's "maiden name was Maria Simpson, and that she taught the dee-strict school at Barns' Cross Roads."

I tell you, it was an awfully hard place for me, for in our set people care so much about "family," and all that sort of thing, and nobody helped me one bit.

Just fancy! one of those spiteful girls actually said as she was taking leave:

"Good-bye, Eva, I've had a *charming* time; your tea was just *lovely! so* glad to have met your aunt!"

And Isabel Martin said with such an innocent smile:

"Will you not go to the 'Cross Roads' next summer, Eva?"

And she *knows* just as *well* that we are going to Bar Harbor and Newport, for I told her so ever so long ago.

We had a world of trouble with poor auntie after that, for she would pry into everything about the house, and she told folks all sorts of things that we didn't want them to hear about.

She nearly worried the life out of mamma by her constant allusions to old times in the country, when, it seems, there was very little money in the family and a great deal of hard work.

Then she went down to the kitchen and found two pounds of butter and ever so much tea and sugar, besides several damask napkins, all packed up in a basket for the cook to carry home with her; and she told papa right at the breakfast table that the goings on of the servants were enough to "break" him, that they were all stealing and drinking half the time. I leave it to you to imagine how *mamma* felt when she heard

all this. I tell you, auntie's visit was a real "reign of terror" while it lasted, but she did give me the gold beads just before she went home and they are *very* becoming, so every one says.

Didn't I tell you in my last that I intended improving my mind this winter, and not giving myself up to the butterfly life of a mere society girl? Well I certainly have done it, for I am reading ever and *ever* so much. I have read half of White's *History of France* already, and it is a big book, and two or three of Macauley's *Essays*, and I am now working away on the *History of our own Times*, besides reading novels in between times when my brain is so tired that it really won't take in such hard things as history and essays.

You know, of course, what a great "fad" it is now to read and talk about what they call "realistic" novels. I presume they are improving, but I confess to you that I can *not* like them, and I have tried so hard, and I would give anything to have a well-balanced mind, but it *is* a little tame, don't you know? to read *pages* about what the heroines like best for dinner, and how often the heroes trim their mustaches.

Now, for instance, I am so weak-minded that I can *not* see the good of such a passage as this, "His large, honest, friendly stomach bowed out as he stood a moment wiping the sweat from his forehead, and looking around him."

I *can* see how a man's stomach could be "large," but for the life of me I can't understand how it *could* look either "honest" or "friendly," or why we should be told about wiping off the "sweat." I know the trouble is all in *me*, and not in the passage itself, for it was written by one of the great "masters," and I am dreadfully mortified that I can't see any sense or beauty in it, but, you see, it is because I am not cultured enough to appreciate such writing.

I wouldn't dare to confess it here, but oh! how I *do* love real romantic stories, where the men are all tall and dark and Spanish-looking, with deep, piercing eyes, and raven hair, and always struggling under some awful secret of impending doom that hangs over them; and when they go to see their lady-loves they always carry a pair of pistols in their belts for fear of a sudden attack from their rivals. I like to read stories that make the cold chills run down your back so much better than these dry, commonplace ones by William D. Howells and Henry James, that everybody reads so much and talks about *all* the time.

I got the *Mysteries of Rudolpho* out of the library the other day, and I tell you I had a perfectly *splendid* time reading it, though I did get too scared to turn the gas off all night long.

That Browning Club! Yes, I am in it, but it has been a perfect nightmare to me.

Now tell me candidly, you are a *man*, and, of course, clever, *cela va sans dire* (I am learning to put in these little French quotations, don't you see? I think it gives a little finished, cultivated look to one's letters), and as you are an editor you ought to know *everything*. Now, tell me, *do* you understand Robert Browning?

I blush to confess that *I* do not and cannot, and what is more, I don't believe there are three people out of the twenty-five in the club who have any conception of what Browning means, and yet we have read poem after poem and talked them over until I was sick of their very names. Of course, we *had* to have a Browning Club, for this winter, you know, it is quite the correct thing, and then we were obliged to have a leader, so we sent off to Boston and got a real learned lady—awfully clever, and *so* strong-minded—to meet with us every time and read and then "interpret" the poetry to us.

All the members sit and listen in the most breathless and absorbed manner, and

lean forward and clasp their hands rapturously and roll up their eyes as if their feelings were quite too deep for words, and all the time I know perfectly well that they don't understand a line of what they are hearing.

There's Daisy Allen, she was the biggest dunce in our class at school, and it nearly *killed* me the other night to see her ecstatic expression as she turned her eyes, swimming in tears, up to the ceiling and murmured, "Oh! that is *too* lovely for anything."

We read "My last Duchess" that time, and I am free to say that I don't know yet whether that ineffable old prig of a duke killed his wife outright or only made her stop talking and laughing.

I asked papa's opinion the next morning, and he said he presumed it meant *both*, as it would be certain death to any woman to have to stop talking. We are studying for the next meeting, "The last ride together," but so far I have not made anything out of *that*.

Why upon earth the man wanted to ride with the girl after he knew she did not care for him and would not marry him, *I* can't imagine, and I have read the thing over and over until I almost know it by heart. I just tell you in confidence that this Browning business is the hardest thing *I've* ever tried except extracting the square root, which they tried to teach me in our last year at Madame Veneering's, but which I never could learn.

Our leader has such a look of mild despair in her face sometimes when she has read and expounded some deep and particularly thrilling passage, and a suppressed giggle is heard and then a whisper, "Isn't that too sweet?"

I mustn't forget to tell you what a *wonderful* thing happened at one of our "Browning" meetings.

Who should come walking in but *Tom Smith*, all gotten up in full evening dress —*boutonniere*, and everything. I certainly was surprised, for you know the Smiths are not at all in the "swell" set here; but just fancy, if you can, my utter amazement when a little later in the evening, the leader said in her blandest manner:

"Mr. Smith has kindly consented to read 'Evelyn Hope' for us," and Mr. Smith thereupon proceeded *to* read, and I never heard anything in my life like it. I tell you, it was quite another thing to a woman's squeaky little voice, and everybody listened until you could hear your own heart beating. How that boy ever learned to read in that style I can't tell, but it was just as if the beautiful dead girl had been lying there before us with "frank young smile, and the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold."

I declare, it made me tremble, and when he got to the end and in his deep, strong voice said, "There, that is our secret; go to sleep. You will wake and remember and understand," I could have cried outright.

Nobody giggled, nobody spoke a word, but they just drew long breaths as if they had been away off out of themselves for a time and had just got back to the actual world again. I begin to think I *do* like Browning after all. Certainly it would be very different if we could have that sort of reading every time.

Tom looked so big and handsome that night—he would make *two* of the Ellinwood man and have material left over for part of another—that I felt quite proud of being an old acquaintance of his, and I introduced him to Jennie Seeley and Daisy Allen, besides several others.

He walked home with me, too, that night, and after we had started off Tom commenced:

"Miss Thornton," I stopped him right there.

"Now, Tom Smith, what is the use of *that?* If I had waded in the creek and swung on the gate and made mud pies with a girl, to say nothing of rescuing

her from the clutches of the whole French navy, I wouldn't all at once begin to call her 'miss' in such a high and mighty style; besides, I am *not* 'Miss Thornton' at all; Blanche is that."

Then Tom burst out laughing in his old hearty way, and we had a good sociable chat after that and went around three or four extra squares in going home.

I didn't tell mamma about this little episode—you know you can't tell every single thing that happens—and then she is so awfully prejudiced against the Smiths, although papa remarked only the other day:

"That boy of Smith's is a rising young man; he is as smart as chain-lightning, and is going to make his mark one of these days."

But, dear me, how I am running on like the "Widow Bedott," and you have no doubt shaken your wise head and doubtfully jerked your mustache many times over all this nonsense. But I can't do any better. Don't you know, a girl's head is full of nonsense anyway, and if I *am* too great a simpleton to understand the "great poet of the age," it isn't my fault, is it?

This letter is too long now, but I must confide to your friendly ears that I am having great worry about that Mr. Ellinwood.

That man seems to have haunted me ever since the night of my coming-out "tea." Mamma seems perfectly *infatuated* about him. She is always so delighted when he comes to our house that she just *beams* upon him. Mercy knows, I wish she would do all the talking with him herself, for *I* would as soon talk to "my grandfather's ghost."

He is *so* proper and *so* "poky," and uses such broad a's that you feel somehow as if the whole alphabet had run into "a's," and then don't you despise men who always think they must flatter and compliment a girl? *I* do. Mamma makes me drive with him, and he certainly *has* splendid horses, and I walk with him, too, and he sends me flowers and I wear them; but candidly now, I am getting awfully sick of the man.

Why upon the earth he should care to talk to *me*, a young girl, and he fifty years old if he is a day, I can't imagine. I am worn to *shreds* having to listen to all his talk about his grandfather's "place in Suffolk," and their "little hunting-box in the Highlands," and about the delights of seeing the Derby races.

"When you go to England, Miss Eva, I will show you such and such things," he is constantly saying to me.

I do hope I *will* go some day, for papa has promised us a trip abroad, but it would be *too* much to have Mr. Ellinwood there at the same time, for I've had quite enough of him on this side. Shall I *ever* get through, I wonder. You are saying now, "How like a girl; they never know when they are through."

Yours sincerely,

EVA THORNTON.

P. S.—Just as I was looking over my letter to correct the bad spelling in walked mamma.

"Eva," she said, "make haste and go down-stairs, Mr. Ellinwood has called to see you."

"Oh! please make Blanche go down," I pleaded; "I am so tired."

"Nonsense, Eva! He did not come to see Blanche. Here, put on your old-rose cashmere and go down at once."

I obeyed, for when mamma puts things in that decisive way I always do have to mind her, but I pledge you my word if I had dreamed of what was coming, *ropes* and wild horses could not have dragged me into that parlor.

Would you ever believe it that before I had sat on that sofa five minutes that man had actually *proposed* to *me*—me, Eva Thornton, just eighteen, and only the other day a school girl?

I don't know at all what words he

used. I was so dazed and so disgusted that I can't remember, but he asked me to *marry* him.

I know I got as white as a sheet, for I *felt* pale, and I just gasped out, "No! no, indeed!" over and over again. Oh! I didn't act one bit like an ideal heroine in a "Seaside" novel. I was too scared for that. Then what do you think happened? That despicable old thing just went right on as if I had said "Yes," instead of "No," talking about "taking me to England," and "when we are married," till I was nearly frantic.

"But I can't marry you!" I cried out. "I don't want to marry anybody in the world! I will *not* be married! I am only a little girl!"

Ugh! how he did smile and bow; and before I knew it he actually *kissed* my hand! I snatched it away from him and just *ran* out of the parlor and up to my room, and cried my eyes nearly out, besides almost taking the skin off my poor little hand to get that man's kiss off. I keep thinking of what Macbeth said in the play: "Out! damned spot!"

O dear me! I wish I had never been a *debutante;* I wish I had stayed "in" and and never been "out." I would be glad to go back to school if I had to take the "cube root" as well as the "square root."

I'd be willing to study all day on things as hard as that fiendish proposition about "the square of the hypothenuse," rather than have to go through *this* kind of trouble again. Aren't *you* sorry for me?

EVA.

P. S. No. 2.—It's worse than I thought! Mamma, my own *mother*, gave that hateful man *permission* to talk to me like *that!* and now she says "I don't know my own heart," and that "is all girlish shyness," that I must "reconsider such an important matter," that this is the "one brilliant opportunity of my life," and a whole heap of other things that I can hardly take in, I am so bewildered.

I cried out: "Mamma, don't folks have to be in *love* to get married? I don't love *anybody!* I don't want to be married! I just want to stay at home with you and papa."

Mamma patted my head and gave me one of her inscrutable smiles, just saying as she shut the door: "Eva, I trust you are too sensible a girl not to see the great advantages of Mr. Ellinwood's offer."

I cried myself to sleep last night, and dreamed I was just walking down the aisle of our church, in a white satin dress and orange flowers, when some one touched my elbow, and a familiar voice said: "Come away, Eva, you've got the *wrong* man!" What ever put that ridiculous boy, Tom, into my thoughts I do wonder. Well, if I live through this trouble I will write again.

EVA.

HEREDITY.

JUST now my life seems fair as some blue, sparkling sea,
That laughs and dimples underneath the noonday sun;
But, at its rich horizon, ere the day is done,
Rises the black and awful cloud, Heredity.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

PAYING OFF THE MORTGAGE.

"JANIE!"

It was her mother's voice, tired, fretful, with its constant intonation of complaint. The call was followed by the presence of her mother in the doorway.

Janie glanced at her and wondered, as she beheld the familiar figure in its old, faded calico dress, with the gray hair tightly drawn from the wan face, if her mother ever was happy, ever had been happy, in some remote past; poor mother!

"You're a dreadful while getting that wash out, here it's past eleven, and father'll be home in a half hour or so, and he's furious when dinner isn't ready. I'm clean dun out with Jimmy, or I'd get dinner myself."

Jimmy was the ten-months-old baby, and had been teething and troublesome all summer.

"The wash was pretty big," said Janie, "but I guess I'll make it. Bring Jimmy out here under the trees, maybe he'd feel better than in that hot room."

"Oh! he'd catch a fearful cold in such a wind. I didn't sleep any last night with his fretting."

Then Mrs. Dwight disappeared in the house, and Janie washed and rinsed and hurried, and at half-past eleven a long string of white garments were flapping in the wind, and drying beautifully under the hot prairie sun.

Just at this point father put in an appearance and inquired if dinner was ready.

"Will be shortly. I have been washing, and Jimmy has been cross," answered Janie, hurrying up the fire with some dry pine chips, her face hot and her old dress pretty damp.

"Always some excuse with you women; here come the men from the field, and I tell you, it don't pay to hire hands, and have them wait an hour or two for their meals every day. That mortgage never will be paid off, never."

Mrs. Dwight sighed, and rocked Jimmy a little harder. Janie worked fast and faster in order that dinner might be on the table at twelve and no later.

"Come in, boys," said the head of the family. "I guess dinner's ready, it's late enough to be, anyway."

And they sat down to the table, on which was a variety of garden sauce, onion, radishes, a dish of stewed fruit, but no bread or vegetables.

Janie's cheeks were crimson.

"Dinner was not quite ready, the potatoes are not done, nor the biscuits, but they will be in a few minutes."

"Oh! well," said her father, "we're used to delays in this family; we have to be."

Janie was not accustomed to indulge in tears, she had long ago learned the uselessness of them, but two pretty big ones went rolling off her round, flushed cheeks, and came near falling upon the steaming hot biscuits she was snatching out of the pan.

Nobody saw her weakness. Mrs. Dwight was engrossed with the wailing Jimmy, and her father too impatient to think of anything but his own trials—that is, she thought no one saw or knew, but Janie was mistaken.

Accidentally, a new-comer had joined the men on their way from the field, and true to Western hospitality, had been invited by Mr. Dwight to "stay to dinner," with a man's usual complacency in such matters.

Dinner at last upon the table, Janie discovered the stranger among them. He was a tall, good-looking young fellow, somewhat tanned by the Western winds, well dressed in strong, serviceable clothing, and with an air of repose that betrayed, even to inexperienced Janie, that he was a man of the world.

She took fretful Jimmy up in her arms, folded a blanket about him, and went out in the grove of cottonwood trees, to give her weary mother an opportunity to eat her dinner in peace, and the baby a breath of the fresh air he so much needed. She wondered who the stranger might be, and felt her cheeks burn anew at remembrance of that hurried dinner.

"It's father's way, he doesn't think; and it was a wretched picked-up affair, truly, but I do wish he wouldn't bring company home on wash-days, and when baby is so ill."

Then she chirruped to the little one blinking in the strong light, took him up snugly in her strong young arms and sang him to sleep by an old-fashioned ditty that every baby for ages back has listened to.

Jimmy once asleep, she sat down upon a wooden bench and discovered that she was both hungry and tired.

Sitting there in her old dress with its patched sleeves, and her hair, which was pretty and abundant, in a most unbecoming little tight knot, she did not present a very artistic picture, perhaps, but she certainly did a very womanly one, to at least one pair of eyes that beheld her.

The men had finished their dinner and were lighting their pipes for a good smoke under the cool trees.

"You've left your tubs in the way!" grumbled her father; "such carelessness!"

It was no use to explain that she had not had time to empty them, or put them away, so she only remained silent, and answering her mother's call, passed into the house.

"Asleep! poor baby. I am so glad. You had better eat your dinner—but father was complaining about your tubs, they are under his favorite tree, maybe you'd better attend to them and then eat your dinner."

Janie complied, but this task completed, the dinner was quite cold and her appetite had deserted her.

The dinner dishes once washed and put away, and the small house made as clean and neat as possible, there came a call from a near field:

"Janie! Janie!"

It was her father's voice, sharp, imperious.

She hastened toward him.

"The red steer and the roan colt have strayed off. I think they are over to Neighbor Long's; wish you'd go and see."

"Walk?"

"Certainly; we've got all the horses in use, as you see."

It was four miles, the sun was boiling hot, and even strong and young as Janie was, she was very weary.

To say so, would have been to merely get herself called lazy, so she turned around, went home, and explained the matter to her mother.

"It's too bad, always something goes wrong on wash-days, but since you do have to go, I wish you'd come around by Dike's and get me those herbs she promised to send me."

"Yes, mother," replied Janie, wearily, only she knew that but added another mile to her walk.

Once out in the fresh air in her clean new calico-dress and sun-bonnet, she begun the long tramp across the prairie to the seemingly near but rather distant neighbors.

Mortgage, mortgage!" she thought, as she walked along. "I wonder if anything was ever so very terrible as a mortgage. It keeps us from new dresses such as girls like, and nearly every girl but

me possesses; from the possibility of hiring any help even in sickness; it compels us to walk when other folks ride; to slave from morning until night, and no hope of rest or respite."

The sun was very hot, almost oppressively so; she saw over in the west a dense black cloud.

"It's going to storm. I hope mother will remember to take in the clothes. Oh! dear, if I had a tree or some place to rest!"

No possible shelter was near, and weariness and heat combined compelled her to sink down by the roadway faint and exhausted.

"I'll be better presently, and it must be the heat, some one may come along."

She rested in that uncomfortable way for a few minutes, but no one came. The sun grew hotter and the cloud in the west blacker.

Her head was aching furiously, was she going to lose consciousness.

"I—I must go on; what will father say and—and I want to help pay the mortgage."

Hark! what is that!

Sudden, sharp, reverberating lightning and thunder, and wind, yes, wind cool, oh! so cool; it strikes her hot cheeks almost with icy fingers, it revives her somewhat.

"It's a storm coming, a tornado, perhaps, how furiously it blows, but mother and the rest will be safe in the cave, and I must go on to Mr. Long's if I can."

Stupidly Janie struggles to her feet, only to be dashed back upon the ground by the wind.

"I can't walk," she gasps. "I must try to find some spot where I can be a little sheltered."

She crawls upon her knees to a place near, where the ground is much lower, something of a gutter formed by rains and wash outs.

Into this she drags herself, and then the wind, more and more terrific, dashes and whirls about her, and then the rain falls, or rather pours.

People said it was no unusual occurrence, a storm like that, but Janie thought it the most dreadful ever known.

Rain and hail beat upon her, the clean dress and sun-bonnet were of a truth of the earth, earthy. Would it never cease?

Lo! as suddenly as it came it passed over, and bedraggled, limp, and chilled, the girl sat up as one awakened from an ugly dream or nightmare.

"I cannot go in this dress, now," she thinks. "I must get home, and father will be so cross. He'll say I'm not helping pay the mortgage very fast. Oh! dear! I'm afraid I'm not. I seem to do so little."

She struggles to her feet the sorriest-looking object imaginable.

Over from her home some one is riding rapidly toward her.

"Some of the hands," she thinks. "I wish they had brought an extra horse."

She has taken but a few steps in his direction before she is aware that it is not one of the boys, but the handsome stranger. Her cheeks burn with shame as she thinks of her appearance.

He comes directly toward her, his strong, lithe-limbed horse moving like the wind.

He is unusually grave, pale almost in spite of the bronze.

"You poor child!" he exclaims, leaping from his horse, "have you been exposed to all this dreadful storm! I never knew you were in it until it was about over."

"It overtook me. I ought to have been at Mr. Long's," said Janie, smiling faintly, "but the—the heat overcame me, and—"

"No wonder," he muttered between his teeth; "do you ever take time to breathe?"

He had assisted her upon his own

saddle by this time, and was walking with the bridle over his arm.

Janie laughed. She was forgetting how dreadfully she looked, because he did not seem to notice, and it was very pleasant to feel that somebody cared so much for her, enough as to be so kind, and insist that she should ride while they walked, she, Janie.

"I suppose I breathe unconsciously, but that hail and wind did render it rather difficult. How kind you are, how kind you have been to come out here to help me home!"

"You don't even know my name, well it is John Strong, and I hope to know you better, little Janie."

Janie blushed. Something in his voice made her heart beat strangely, and besides she did know his name very well. He was called a cattle king; strange that he should notice her, particularly when he had seen her under such unfavorable circumstances.

"I shall return," he said, as he helped her to alight.

"Don't—" began Janie, with more blushes.

"Don't what?" he inquires.

"Don't come on wash-day."

"Oh!" he says, laughing, "is that all; well I won't."

"You've spoiled your dress," said her mother, coming to the door. "Didn't you see the storm coming before you started?"

"Yes; but father wished me to go, and I thought perhaps I would have time."

"Such a careless girl as she is," grumbled her father, "if she had been spryer she would have reached Long's. But come in and get those wet things off as quick as possible. I don't want any doctor bills to pay."

A week later Janie's father came in with such a cheerful face everybody was surprised.

"I've had one streak of luck, anyway; John Strong's offered me the best price possible for the cattle, more'n they're worth; but that's his look-out. Did you say anything to him about helping me with that mortgage, Janie?"

Janie looked puzzled a moment, then her sweet face cleared and flushed strangely.

"Yes, I did. I said something about how hard you was trying to get along. I—I guess I was apologizing about that dinner."

"You little goose!" said her father, almost smiling. "Sometimes it pays to be stupid."

Janie was astonished; she did not understand her father in his new mood. Still less did she understand him when he unrolled a pretty, bright cashmere dress that he said he had bought for her.

A week or two later, when clad in the nice, new dress, somebody came riding across the prairie, somebody whose coming had been expected.

"You did not get sick from that ugly storm?" he inquired, once the stereotyped greeting over.

"Oh! no!"

Then they wandered out under the trees in which the birds were singing blithely, and the old, old story, ever new, was told.

"But I—father and mother could not spare me."

"I think they can. I have seen your father."

"Oh!" laughed Janie, with a roguish dimple about her mouth; "perhaps I am mistaken, father doesn't think I amount to very much, anyway."

"We will give him a chance to find out; and you're not to worry about that mortgage, for it is my wedding present to you, darling."

"How kind you are!" cried Janie, on the verge of tears. "Poor mother may have a little rest now."

"Yes, I hope so, and somebody else I happen to know."

ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

BOUND FOR GREEN FIELDS.

PART I.

IT was a lovely May morning, a morning on which even the life of an omnibus conductor seemed endurable. Besides the particular Company for which Archy Johnston worked had become infected by Socialistic principles, to the extent of only employing their hands from seven A. M. to ten P. M., and giving them as a rule, the alternate Sundays. So that, as things went, he might be considered well off.

Better off, at all events, than the pale young man who, as Archy completed his arrangements before starting, watched him, with a rather melancholy air, from the curbstone. For this pale young man, whose name was Warner, by special permission of the Company, to whom a benevolent clergyman had appealed on Warner's behalf, came every morning at seven o'clock to see if there was a conductor off work, and, if there was, to take his place on the omnibus. For the last month he had presented himself regularly, and the men had come to know, and have a kindly feeling toward him; but in that month he had only been on duty seven days. This fact inevitably raised the question as to what Warner did with himself when no vacancies occurred. He did not look as if he did anything very remunerative. Nothing more remunerative, probably Archy guessed correctly, as he glanced across, than tramping the streets in search of permanent employment.

Archy's omnibus started last, and he had two or three minutes to spare; so, being a sociable young fellow, he crossed over to speak to Warner, who, for his part responded with an anxious good-will in which, if Archy had known, there was a certain under-current of penitence. The fact was Warner had just been thinking, as he saw the omnibuses roll away, and realized with a sigh that all the men were on duty—"What if one of them were to die, and he were taken on as a permanent hand?" The iniquity of this thought to his kindly and gentle nature seemed terrible, and the consciousness of guilt make his tone to Archy one of deprecating cordiality.

He did not in any way appeal for pity, and yet the few facts Archy drew from him were an appeal to any one conversant with the city. He lived a mile away, 24 Dilk Street, an address that lingered curiously in Archy's memory. He had been a carpenter, and comfortably off; but now he was hopelessly out of work, and, with his wife and their young child, had been living how he could.

"We feel it most, you see," he said, in his patient way, "for the child." Then he checked himself, as if he had said too much, and added, quite hopefully, "But it's a long lane that has no turning, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Archy, reserving to himself a reflection that life contained some very long lanes indeed, as not of a cheering character.

No more passed between them just then, for the conductor's time was up. But the next morning, as his eyes encountered the depressed-looking figure again, a sudden impulse seized him.

"Can you take my place to-day?" he said, accosting Warner; "I'm awfully anxious to have the day, but I can't risk getting sacked."

Warner's face beamed.

"I told Janet this morning," he said, as he followed Archy, "I'd a feeling I should be in luck to-day."

"It's just here," said Archy, staring straight before him. "I'm thinking of going down into the country for a day—or

two—or maybe more—I can't exactly tell, not being on the spot, how long I may require to stay. And it would be a load off my mind to know my place wouldn't be snapped up."

"*I'll* keep it for you," said Warner, energetically, "and give it up to you when you come back; for it's a queer thing, as *I* know, to be thrown out of work. And I'm sure I hope you'll have a pleasant journey. Beautiful down in the country this time of year, aint it?"

"Ah!" said Archy. "Yes, the country's a fine place, especially, as you say, about this time of the year, when you can lie down in a field and smoke a pipe without catching cold, otherwise than from the general treachery of the climate. Natural objects, as meadows, spring flowers, cows, windmills, rippling streams, a blue sky, when it don't happen to be rainy, fresh air, plenty of wholesome victuals, that's my style."

Archy had spoken jerky and rapidly, but with entire composure; and yet there was something in his tone, a suggestion of a possible want of sincerity that made Warner's brain whirl.

"I expect that would be all our styles," he said, timidly, "if we could afford it. You've friends in the country, I suppose."

"Ah!" replied Archy, benignantly, looking at Warner for the first time. "Lots of 'em. Fellows who would share their last crust with me. But it aint come to that; they live on the fat of the land, *I* call it."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Warner, admiringly.

"Well," said Archy, with still deeper gravity, "sometimes I think I *am* in luck's way—now you mention it. Especially this morning. And now I think as there's a particular train I have it in my mind to catch, and as your time's just up, I'll bid you good-day."

He grasped Warner's hand and turned away. After all, he had said and done nothing remarkable; and yet such was the serene benignity of his tone and manner that for a moment Warner stood stock-still on the pavement, staring after him.

Archy went back to his lodgings; but he could not rest there, and soon he went out again. He found himself wondering what Warner's wife and child were like, and it struck him that as he had nothing else to do, he would go round by Dilk Street.

It was a small street of tiny, jerry-built houses, with their numbers inscribed very legibly on the doors, so that Archy had no difficulty in recognizing 24. There was a brown blind over the lower half of the window; but Archy's tall head rose above it, and as he passed he glanced furtively in, as if it were a crime. It was a small, bare room, with no furniture but a deal table, a box or two, and an old rocking-chair drawn up to the hearth, whose fire had gone out. On that rocking-chair a girl was sitting, with a baby in her arms, rocking slowly to and fro, and singing wearily over and over again:

"There is not in the wild world a valley so sweet."

A mere girl she looked, but very wasted, and her cheeks had not a tinge of color; and yet it was one of the sweetest faces, Archy thought, that he had ever seen. If this was Warner's wife, perhaps he was a lucky fellow after all.

He wondered if there was anything to eat in the house. She did not look as if there was. But, for the life of him, he dared neither ask her, nor order anything to be sent from the nearest provision dealer's; and though he thought of all kinds of expedients for getting a shilling inside the door that should look as if it belonged to one of them, and had been mislaid, none of them were feasible. If it had been dusk, he thought, scanning the water-spout with a critical eye, he

might have clambered on the roof and dropped the shilling down the chimney. He was nearly as tall as the house already, and he could climb like a sailor. But it was broad daylight; and at last—he had been lounging all this time in front of a small grocer's shop close by—he turned away in despair, reflecting that, after all, Warner had had a day's work on Monday, and it was only Wednesday. He would go now into some other quarter of the city, and look for work himself. For work? Well, yes. It was hardly that he consciously made up his mind to do so. But that was what he did.

PART II.

It was a month later, and Archy had not gone back to his old position. Neither, however, had he found regular work. If he had gone to the right quarters, it may be said, of course he might have found it. He might have been assisted to emigrate, and a dozen things. But, unluckily, the poor are seldom conversant with the many admirable schemes set on foot for their relief; and Archy had a general idea that philanthropic institutions only drove an individual from one official to another, without really doing anything for him. It was a mistake, of course, but one of the natural results of the division of labor. Archy stood, indeed, for a moment outside the doors of the General Relief Committee; but there the beautiful probability of his story of having a place as omnibus conductor that he had not been dismissed from, and yet could not go back to, owing to having heard a white-faced girl, through a window, singing the "Meeting of the Waters"—as related to a credulous Relief Committee, struck him so forcibly that he broke into a loud laugh as he turned away.

But it was not a cheery laugh. Though he had given up his old lodging and been sleeping where he could, the few pence he contrived to earn were not enough to keep him, and for weeks he had not had a hearty meal. A dull despair was creeping over him; but tramped blindly on, asking for work, till he fancied that the officials at different establishments were looking on him with suspicion, as one whom they had refused before. And all the time he knew that he might go back to his old place. Warner would give it up without a murmur, or a grudge, he was that kind of fellow. Then he fancied Warner going home to tell his wife the news, and then he fell to wondering how they were getting on. He fancied he would go and see.

That day, when Warner's omnibus stopped at the end of the route, at one o'clock, every passenger had left it. They had a quarter of an hour to wait, and the driver slipped hastily across to his favorite public-house, which was conveniently situated. Warner looked eagerly up and down the street, as if expecting some one, but it was almost deserted. There was a policeman a little way down; there was a shabby-looking fellow standing at the corner against a lamp-post, with his hat slouched over his eyes—no one else. Warner's face fell, but it lightened again in a moment as a girlish figure emerged from a street nearly opposite and ran lightly across to the omnibus. Warner held out his hand and she sprang in.

"Here it is," she said, proudly, unpacking her small basket. "You can't guess what I've made you for dinner today, and if you eat it now I do believe it will be hot."

"Meat pie, Janet!" said Warner. "Well, you *are* a cook and no mistake. I've twelve minutes—blest if there aint that unfortunate old lady who always comes a quarter of an hour before we're timed to start."

"She's a long way off," said Janet, with a look of disappointment. "Go on with your pie, Will, she won't be here yet awhile."

But the old lady, having made various frantic and far off signals, was increasing her speed, which suggests to a casual observer the inadvisability, in a general way, of attempting to persuade a woman that a tram or train which she literally sees before her with horses or an engine attached is *not* going to start till the time appointed. Statistics are very well—she sees the time-table. Nothing has altered, it never started before then; it never will. No—oh! no; but the safest side is inside.

"Very well then," said Warner, reluctantly. "Hang the old girl—look at her umbrella!"

They kissed each other hastily in the omnibus, thinking that no one saw them. Least of all the aimless vagabond at the corner, with hat slouched over his eyes, who was looking at nothing. He—ah, no! Then Janet sprang down again, and presently the old lady mounted the step, and Warner ate his meat pie furtively, between maintaining a conversation on the drink traffic, a subject in which his passenger seemed to take an absorbing interest, but then she had had her lunch before she started. Yet Warner had also time to reflect pleasantly on how much better Janet was looking and what a color she had, and wondered also if the young man who had gone into the country would be back to-morrow, and couldn't help hoping not. Then more passengers entered, and the driver hurried back at the last moment, stuffing a large fragment of bread and butter into his pocket, and the omnibus rolled away.

But that night, when Warner returned to the small house in Dilk Street, he found a note thrust under the door that no one had noticed. It ran thus:

"DEAR MR. WARNER.

"I leave this note in passing, to say I have given up my place as conductor for good, and therefore hope you will stick to it as long as it suits you. I have made up my mind to stay down in the country.

"Yours, with best wishes,

"ARCHY JOHNSTON."

MAY KENDALL.

LIKE UNTO THE SEA.

THERE are some natures like unto the sea,
Who bears her sorrows and her griefs alone,
And only unto Heaven maketh moan,
Or saps her life by heart-throbs passionately.
She lies before us, fathomless, and we,
Divining many things, yet come to own
We do not understand her soul's sad tone;
The gulls that downward dip, so glad and free,
Know naught of her. So men may come and go,
Divine, and think they know each other well;
But every thought bends to the world's control,
And only to itself dare tell its woe;
Our loved ones, even, teach us much of hell—
Because they cannot comprehend our soul.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

A MERRY ROUND WITH ROBIN HOOD.

"Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire."

TO the lover of ancient balladry Robin Hood is a hero. The exploits of this daring outlaw of Old England, his merry pranks and wild freebootings have led the youth of all time captive, since they were chronicled as enacted in the wildwood regions of Nottingham. How the heart quickens and the young blood thrills at the very mention of Sherwood Forest, of Little John, of Friar Tuck, or of Maid Marian.

There is an indescribable charm, especially for youth, in the free and joyous life these ballad tales depict. The breezy out-of door existence—the moonlight walks—the hand-to hand encounters—the greenwood trysts and midnight revelries. Always the sound and music of waters, the rustle of leaves, the shadowy silences of ancient forests. There, perhaps, never lived a youth, possessed to any marked degree of a poetic temperament, but has longed to try this mode of life, wishing he might have lived in the days of Robin Hood.

From that time when the fields and trees of spring take on their first indescribably delicate tints, through the rich and fully as indescribable glories of summer, until the last leaf of autumn falls and snow begins to fly; through all these changes, Nature has her charm for the young enthusiast. And as depicted in old ballads, Nature and Robin Hood were boon companions. Through shadowy woods, through breezy fields, among the green lanes and hidden nooks of Sherwood we are led on. Among those green and quiet solitudes, where we hear the ripple of waters, where we listen to the music of winds, to the rustle of leaves about us, there are found the haunts of Robin Hood and his merry men. No ballad but breathes its refrain of the greenwood, and brings, in full, healthful breaths, the air of England to us. Fresh, bracing, woodland airs, bringing health with every odor that they waft to us from the flower-besprinkled bosom of the forest.

"In summer when the shawes be sheen,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the fowle's song.
To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hille's hee,
And shadow them in the leaves green,
Under the greenwood tree."

Does your heart beat fast, does your blood tingle, does your breath come quick and short? Then you are ready for a moonlight tryst in Sherwood Forest; or, better still, for a breezy day with Robin Hood.

What care we that historians have passed him by as beneath their notice; the ballad writers, at least, have done him justice, and for this hour we must all be poets. What care we for those antiquarian decisions which sometimes prove him to be, and sometimes not to be a fabulous embodiment? He is to us a living, breathing creature—a man of native wit and of sinew. An outlaw, it may be, but an outlaw after all in the cause of right; one who robbed the rich, indeed, but only to serve the poor. He is to us a personification of the old Saxon hardihood striking fell blows at Norman oppression. He is the ideal opponent of fudalism and injustice, a champion in the cause of the down-trodden, and so he becomes a hero.

That there are those who, by wordy

argument, have sought to prove that Robin is only a creation of the fancy—a myth as they have proved others to be; that there are such ones with "undeniable proofs" has little effect upon the enthusiast. He still believes in Robin Hood as he believes in Tell and Wallace, and is the happier for his beliefs. And there really is no well-founded "proof" that such a man never lived. In all probability such a man did live sometime between the reigns of Richard I and Edward II.

Such a man, in all probability, did lead his merry life and carry on his mad freebooting in the wildwood regions round about Nottingham; and who would deny himself the pleasure of believing such delightful things as are told about him? Once within the mystic regions of Sherwood Forest, how the world seems changed. How the sun always shines in these old ballad tales, how deep and cool the shadows are; and, if it chance to be morning how the dew glistens and the birds sing. And hush! we hear the twanging of bows and the sounding of horns—the shout of archers and the baying of hounds from the shadowed depths of the forest. And all through the day, too, what merry bouts, what trials of skill, what song and frolic! And again at evening, what expeditions planned, what twilight meetings, what tales of adventure! What delightful, breezy out-of-door life it is, and who would give it up?

And what a brave, fine marksman Robin Hood was. Not that we believe the young Robin really ever did hit that willow wand three times without missing, at the distance of three hundred yards. But we do believe he was a dead shot, always with a well-filled game-bag, leading the sheriff of Nottingham many a weary chase.

As the champion of the poor and the distressed, Robin Hood shows himself the hero we have depicted him. With a rough sort of reverence for woman, he made her cause his own. They who befriended him in time of need were never forgotten, as is instanced in the ballad of "Robin Hood and the Widow's Sons," in which ballad Robin is pictured as releasing the three sons of a widow—who has at sometime befriended him—and executing judgment upon the sheriff in their stead.

Of distressed lovers, too, he was the champion. Who has not read of Robin Hood and Allen-A-Dale—and who, reading, can resist the impulse to turn his attention, for the moment, from Robin to this gay young stranger in scarlet. And whether he be dressed in scarlet or arrayed in Lincoln green—whether we find him a lover in distress or one of Robin Hood's merry men, we long for a second meeting. And full many a meeting shall we be granted, providing we have fire enough within our natures to incorporate us with Sherwood's merry clan—providing we have outlawry enough within us on reading ballad after ballad until the zest of reality is upon us. No natural forester, with an instinctive love for nature in his heart, can long withstand the charm of these ballads. How full they are of life—how full of music and sunlight. How full they are, too, have you noticed? of the month of May. Of an earlier May than ours—a month filled to overflowing with sunshine and blossoms and revelry.

"There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year,
Is the merry month of May."

Instinctively the human thought reaches out after the ideal—the month of May, an unclouded sky, an untrammeled life! How the human heart seeks all these things, and yet—it has never found them, and it never will this side of the pearly gates. There is no surety that it never rained in that old ballad days. In all probability, our bold outlaw often came to

his greenwood tryst drenched by the pelting rain. Hard storms and many of them he met, no doubt, and many a hard experience from other hands than Nature's; but he met them bravely every one, and took the sunshine when he found it.

So let us, believing it is May, come forth and take our pleasure, too, in the reading of these old ballads. There is health in this air, with its sound of laughter and music of twanging bows—health for the brain and for the heart. There is pleasure in the very thought of living, with the green boughs above us, and all the wealth and tenderness of summer upon the land.

And now, with all the gladness of these old ballads in our hearts, let us shout together—Long live the memory of Robin Hood.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

WHY LIFE IS WORTH LIVING. In most of the discussions between optimists and pessimists the question falls upon the balance of joy and sorrow in the world, the optimist justly contending that the universal love of life sufficiently proves that its happiness greatly exceeds its woe. There is, however, still another reason why life is worth living which is less frequently urged. It is that even its sorrows themselves are something which we cannot afford to do without. They are by no means the unmixed evils which we imagine them to be. Often they prove to be the foundations of a future success and happiness which never could have been reared on any other base. Often they give to the character a strength which could never otherwise have been developed, or virtues which else would have remained inert.

KINDLY WORDS AND DEEDS. How few there are who estimate aright the power of kindly words and deeds; and yet what mortal being has not at some time or other felt their benefit and sweetness? How many a world-worn and crime-hardened heart has been softened into penitence and tenderness by their holy influence! How many a weary lot has been cheered and brightened by their gentle sunshine! What music there is in a kindly-uttered expression of sympathy —what radiance in a gentle approving smile! And how little do these Heaven-entailed duties of life cost to the giver, and how much do they confer on the receiver.

DELICATELY-COLORED goods of any kind should never be washed without a salt-water bath first, but care should be exercised in reference to materials which are likely to shrink when immersed in water.

A REMEDY for burns is a paste of baking-soda and water. Take a wet cloth, cover with the paste and bind over the burn. Should the paste become dry, wet it from the outside.

TABLE linen should be hemmed by hand. Not only does it look more dainty, but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after being laundried as with machine sewing.

COUGHS may be much alleviated, and dry throats cured, by glycerine and lemon juice taken at night. The glycerine should be diluted.

To arrest hiccough, close both ears with the fingers with pressure, while a few mouthfuls of liquid are taken.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOBBY LEARNS ABOUT INDEPENDENCE.

THERE is three kinds of fourths I can think of. There is one-fourth in arithmetic, Fourth of July, etc.

Fourth of July most always comes on in hot weather. Once it didn't. I wore my overcoat and my ears was cold then. My overcoat didn't keep my ears warm. My school-teacher told me to find out all I could 'bout Fourth of July, an' what made folks call it Independence Day.

I said I thought 'twas 'cause everybody done as they was a mind to that day, 'cept dogs an' little boys. Sometimes they shut dogs in the house that day so they won't get hurt or burnt.

They don't shut little boys in so much, but they have to be particular to mind an' behave themselves, an' can't run down an' stan' close to the big cannon when they fire it off. They can't climb the greased pole, neither. They have to keep right with their folks—if they have any folks, some boys haint—an' keep hold of hands with 'em, an' not get run over.

My teacher laughed, and said again for me to read about it an' learn all I could. I asked him if 'twas in the Bible. He said 'twasn't, but to look in the history.

I haint never studied history none, to school yet, I just have 'rithmetic an' grammar, my mother says I'm too young. I asked her when I'd get over being too young. She said she presumed when I got older.

I never knew why the Fourth of July was more independenter than the fourth of May or the fourth of December, or any other. So I took one of pa's big books that had "History" wrote on it on the back in bright letters, an' I commenced to begin right at the front. I kep' on turnin' over the leaves, an' looking on all the pages. I didn't read it all. I couldn't, the words were too long, but I s'posed if there was anything 'bout Fourth of July, I should see it right out plain, in big reading, an' maybe a picture of a cannon an' a flag, an' some boys with fire-crackers, an' a b'loon goin' up, or something 'xplodin'. I didn't see nothing but long names an' things spelt wrong, an' I got tired when I'd looked for Fourth of July 'bout a hour, an' I threw the book on the floor.

Just then pa come in. He said:

"My son, what book is that?"

I told him I 'spected 'twas a Fourth of July book, to tell all 'bout why folks an' everybody else an' people felt so independent, but 'twasn't one bit.

He picked it up. He smiled, he said 'twasn't the right book at all. It was the *History of the French Revolution*, or something I had been trying to read. He took another book out of the bookcase, an' he said he guessed he could find something in that to suit my taste. I think my pa is nice to little boys. He helps 'em so out of a good deal of trouble. I'm goin' to do just like he does when I get over being small.

Then pa read me the nicest story, all 'bout just what I wanted to find out, 'splaining it as he went along. That was the nicest part, the 'splaining. I think if little boys' fathers would take pains to 'xplain books an' lessons to their little boys, the little boys would like to study better, don't you? I can tell just how 'twas now—that whole independence business.

You see, 'twas like this, everybody—that is, the men folks—had been fighting a long time, there was two sides, course, like there always is in any quarrel, one side was the Whigs, and the other Tories, pa said. Funny names, I think, but I recollect them 'cause they are funny. I remember funny things always better than the unfunny ones. The American folks—our kind—used to belong to the British—that's the other kind—an' had to do as they said, an' be under their flag, an' they was under the king, too, pa said. By and by they begun to not like it, to be so watched over, an' have to do just as the Great Britain people said, all the time, an' the English folks didn't behave very well nor polite to 'em. So the

Americans begun to wish they could be all by theirselves. I s'pose they felt just like us boys when we're in school, an' the teacher all the time says: "Boys, you mustn't whisper," "Boys, you mustn't throw paper wads," "Boys, don't look out of the window any more," "Boys, remember, no chewin' gum." We get tired being told all day long what to do, an' what not to do, an' feeling, no matter what we do, or what we don't do, something's going to be said, an' we want to do, once in awhile, just some little ways all our own, 'thout anybody sayin' anything. Not bad things, I don't mean, but just to show we do know a few things—an' be *independent*, an' that's how the American folks felt, I s'pose. I 'preciated it a good deal when pa read it to me, when they first begun to kinder hint 'round 'bout this thing—going all by theirselves, and skipping out from them old Tories. You know, there was some that didn't hardly know whether they wanted to or not. It takes some folks so long to make up their mind. Pa says sometimes it's 'cause they haven't got much to make up, an' they have to hunt 'round an' find it. But I presume these folks didn't know just how 'twas coming out in the end. If they could only had their liberty and done what they pleased they would just as lief stayed under the king—that is, under his rules—but they found they couldn't, so they thought they might as well have a first-class squabble and get out of it. So they did. They couldn't have no liberty, nor no property 'cept what Great Britain let 'em have. My! it seems 'most as though I was preachin', or sayin' a novation, when I write them long-sounding words, but I say it just as pa said it to me, an' he 'xplained 'em beautiful, so *I* know what they mean, just as easy! If you don't you must do as my teacher said for me to do—read in the history.

A man by the name of Lee offered the first resolution 'bout this matter I was speakin' of, and John Adams seconded it.

When you second anything, pa says, it means you think just so too, and want everybody else to, too. This wasn't Johnnie Adams, who comes to our school. If it was he would been too old by this time to be in the Second Reader, an' cry when the teacher sits him with the girls.

Then they 'pointed committees to see to it, an' get it done. Benjamin Franklin was one of 'em. I s'pose you've heard of him. I have. He had a kite once, an' a whistle that cost him a considerable. The man who wrote it all out—this paper, this Declaration of Independence—was Mr. Thomas Jefferson, Esquire, an' they 'dopted it—that is, took it 'most just as he wrote it. It didn't need no corrections, much. I wish I could write compositions like that, so the teacher would 'dopt 'em 'thout correcting 'em so much. Some of 'em are more corrections than composition when he hands 'em back.

He told 'em—this gentleman by the name of Jefferson did—what they wanted to do, and what they wanted to do so for, an' why they didn't care 'bout belonging all together no more, an' it said that they was all free an' equal an' independent States, an' could have war just when they was a mind to, an' they could have peace just when they was a mind to, an' could do trading an' everything an' a lot besides all by theirselves. The men at the head of things down in Congress—that's a place you can find out about in history. It aint on the map. I looked to see—they talked it all over when they got Mr. Jefferson's letter, and they concluded after awhile they'd let 'em do just as he did. They met in the State House, in Philadelphia—these men. That's a city—Philadelphia is. It's in the geography. Up in the steeple to it—to this State House—they hung a big bell with a verse printed on to it out of the Bible. I found the verse when pa told me where, an' it is this one, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Seems so that was made purpose, don't it? I know it's wrote right, 'cause I copied it right down. I thought this next part was awful nice when pa read it—what I'm going to tell you now. When the 4th of July came that year they had a big time, an' I wish I was to it. Lots an' lots of people an' other folks kep' coming, an' comin', an' crowding 'round more an' more, an' filling up all the yard and the street in front, an' everybody standing 'round that old building where that Congress meeting was being, 'cause they knew they was going to do something 'bout that letter, that's why they all come, an' then

I s'pose they wanted to go somewhere, 'cause 'twas the 4th. I presume a good many of them folks in that crowd was women, don't you s'pose so? an' little children, 'cause they 'most always are on the 4th of July, an' I s'pose the fire-crackers were popping, an' the torpedoes snapping, babies crying, an' maybe some woman's dress got on fire, an' the police-man had to push the crowd back with his club, while he threw water all over that poor woman's new bonnet to put out the fire on the skirt of her dress. But I wasn't going to tell you this. I was going to tell you this: There was a man who rang the bell, or was going to ring it—the bell-ringer they called him—an' he went up into the steeple an' set there or stood up, I don't know which, the book didn't say, but he was there all ready to ring that big bell. Just as quick as that Congress decided somebody was going to let him know, an' then he would ring right away, to tell the good news. He told his little boy, 'bout as big as me, to wait at the hall door down stairs for the door-keeper to give the signal, that means some sign to let 'em know. When the news came how Congress voted, the old doorkeeper gave the signal an' away ran that little boy up them stairs—he just flew—clear up into the belfry. I bet he couldn't run faster'n me, 'specially on 4th of July, an' to ring a bell, too, when 'twas to tell folks they was all free, too. The old man heard his little boy coming, he knew 'twas his own little boy, and his old hands took hold of that bell-rope good and strong. The next thing he heard was his little boy crying—I don't mean real crying with tears—but calling to him, and he said, "Father, ring, ring!" and then the way that old bell swung back and forth and the way its stiff iron tongue said, "Free, free, free!" made all the folks below want to shout and hurrah, an' I s'pose swung their hat or caps or whatever they wore on their heads, an' their handkerchiefs, too, the women did.

I don't s'pose them folks ever heard any sweeter music than that old bell was to 'em ever, till they got to Heaven, maybe, an' if some of 'em didn't go to Heaven at all, then 'taint likely they're having any better time than they did that 4th of July. 'Fore that time they used to be called Colonies, but after that they were thirteen United States, and that's all there was at first. I forgot how many there are now, or else I don't know. That old bell got cracked once. My pa seen it to the Centennial. I would like to see it for myself. I always rather see bells an' things for my own self than hear 'bout 'em, 'cept crocodiles an' burglars. I'm glad I know now what makes the 4th of July be called Independence Day. An' I'm glad, too, a little boy like me had something to do about it, if 'twasn't nothing more than to holler up the stairs to his papa. I think it makes a little difference 'bout my feeling independent.

I don't want to be too independent, like my big sister Theo is. Ma told her the other day she was, 'cause she said she didn't care whether Alphonso ever come here again.

He was mad when she wouldn't come in the room that time when her front frizzes was lost. Say, where do you s'pose she found them frizzes? You'd never guess. She's a painter, Theo is, an' 'fore we moved she was painting Alphonso. She had him most done, but not quite, so we had to be very careful of him, an' she done him up in a table-cloth—his picture, of course, I mean. She calls it a crane picture. He *is* quite tall an' a long neck. It looks like him, 'specially the neck. My big brother he took charge of it when we moved, an' I don't see how it could have happened, but when Theo undone that crane picture, there was them very bangs that she lost an' didn't know where they was. They was glued on to Alphonso's top lip for a mustache. I thought it made him look real pretty, an' I told Theo I wish she'd lend 'em to him to wear alive. They was so much handsomer than the yellow down that grows there naturally of its ownself 'thout gluing. Theo was mad.

I like 4th of July picnics if you don't have berry pie. If you do have berry pie I don't like 'em. I don't like the picnics an' I don't like the pie. Not if it's smashed. Ours was smashed—I set down in it. It didn't hurt none—not me. It hurt the pie some—the looks of it. We had a band—a brass band. We let 'em go along. They said they would if we would give 'em ten dollars. It was a Sunday-school picnic. That band was

splendid—the noisiest one I ever saw. They made most as much noise talking with their mouths as they did with their other brass horns. There was wasps there. One bit pa on his nose. There was ants in the sugar, an' a lot of little flies in the milk, an' a big green worm fell right on ma's plate when she was eating. Ma had a awful time making a cake to carry. The frosting wouldn't suds when she beat the eggs up, an' she forgot to put any powder in it, which was too bad for a 4th of July cake—'twas baking powder.

I heard some folks say that day the Sunday-school might better save their money to buy library books than to spend it that way in the woods, roostin' 'round like chickens, and eatin' their victuals with bugs an' spiders caperin' over 'em. I thought 'twas fun, 'cept the pie. Some folks aint never suited. I'm sure 'twas a independent way of eatin'. Once 4th of July come on Sunday. It was a long Sunday, the longest I ever saw. I didn't think I could wait till Monday, but I did. I had to. There's so many things a boy *has* to do, an' don't want to do, an' can't, nohow, only he has to.

There was a boy I know or knew—I don't know him now, 'cause he's dead. He's gone where I can't. Last Fourth he said he'd show folks he was independent, an' he did. So he didn't ask his mother, an' got a little cannon an' went behind the barn an' banged it off. An' his head, too, almost, an' he was burnt so bad he died; an' that's the last fireworks he ever can enjoy in this world.

Another boy, he didn't die, but I should most thought he would, an' his grandmother—they got so scared. He put a whole bunch of fire-crackers under her chair an' then watched at the corner of the piazza, to see her jump. She was setting on the piazza—settin' in a chair—dreaming like old folks does; all to once she heard a loud bang! whizz! pop! She woke up. She jumped. She screamed so loud it woke the baby up; an' the baby's mother ran to the cradle an' hurried so she tipped over the tea-kettle of hot water an' scalded her foot, an' the baby rolled out on the floor, an' made its nose bleed on the carpet. It hit it. An' the doctor had to come an' see 'em all. The boy who was so independent had to be whipped—he didn't want to be—his pa did it. An' to go to bed right in the daytime an' stay till the 4th was over with, all because this boy tried to blow up his good grandmother. I wouldn't do so now, I know better than I did then, an' I know independence don't mean any such mean things, nor doin' what you're mind to, unless you're mind to do what's right.

Some boys smoke. I seen 'em, no bigger'n me. A fellow offered me a cigar once. I took it, I didn't smoke it. It wouldn't smoke 'thou't 'twas lit on the end. Warn't lit. If boys wouldn't never light cigars they get 'twouldn't be no harm, an' men, too. I told that man I wouldn't smoke it. He wanted to know what made me take it then. I told him 'cause so he wouldn't give it to some other boy an' that other boy would smoke it, and then his mother would feel bad, an' so would the boy, after awhile. The man laughed at me. He said: "Oh! be independent for once, if you be a little chap." I thought he was very impolite, an' I felt a big lump come into my throat, just as though I'd swallowed something that wouldn't be swallowed; my cheeks was hot too. I told that man I thought the boys who wouldn't smoke when they had a chance was the most independentest boys there was, an' that won't drink an' won't swear. I told him if I was little, some day I'd be a man, an' I wouldn't be a smokin' man neither, no, nor a drinkin' one, nor a swearin' one; an' I tell you I felt tall for about a minute. He said he wished he'd been such a boy when he was a boy. I told him I wished so, too, but he might begin now. He laughed and threw me a ten-cent piece. I burnt it up—that cigar. The other ten cents I put in my bank. A boy told me he goes in 'most every day to the hotel where they sell stuff to drink, an' the man behind the counter there lets him drink what's left in the bottom of the tumblers, when the men drink whisky or brandy or anything 'cept water. His mother don't know it, the boy's mother, he said not, but he said he wanted to be independent an' do as he liked. I told him I knew a more independenter way than that. He asked me what. I told him let it alone, but he said he liked it and couldn't, that shows he aint independent, don't it? He said he felt

more like a man; maybe he does—one kind of a man, but I don't want to feel like a man till I get to be one—an' then not such a kind of one. I used to always think that long word Independence was only for grown-up folks, but my teacher told us the other day, that boys could be independent as well as men, an' that when that old bell rung down in Philadelphia, such a long time ago, it rung for us, too, an' that it meant for us to be brave an' firm; an' have true thoughts of our own. He said 'twasn't no sign we was independent when we go right on an' do things 'thout askin' our fathers or mothers, things they don't want us to do, nor when we don't obey 'em, but do some way of our own that aint right to do. An' he said we must depend on our own selves, too—I mean this way—'cause some boy had a grandfather who was a general, or an uncle or cousin or any your relations who was corporal, it wasn't no sign we was brave an' good for anything unless we stood for ourselves independent, an' we must think thoughts of our own, he said, an' have principles an' stand by 'em, no matter how much anybody may tease you, or laugh at you—or think different. He said if all the boys would do so, an' be so, as he had been telling us—this real independent way—what a splendid lot of men there would be to make the laws and see to everything in this old world, when we grow up. He said that would be better than being a President or making a dictionary. BOBBY.

P. S.—A girl told me to-day that was that little boy's grandfather 'stead of his father, who rung that bell, but pa's history didn't say so; an' I don't care anyhow, long's the little boy was in it all the same.

IT is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar which should be a sanctuary only for the wretched and the good.

BOILING-HOT liquid may be safely poured into a glass jar or tumbler by first putting a silver spoon in the dish. Be careful, however, that a draught of cold air does not strike the vessel while hot.

IF one wishes to cool a hot di-h in a hurry, it will be found that if the dish be placed in a vessel full of cold, salty water it will cool far more rapidly than if it stood in water free from salt.

TRY a bandage of hot salt outside the face for neuralgia; fill the mouth with hot salt in case of tooth-ache; put a little hot salt in a piece of muslin, and then put it in the ear for a second or two when ear-ache is troublesome.

BISCUITS can be warmed to be as good as when just baked by placing them in the oven dry, covered closely with a tin. It is a great improvement over the old way of wetting them.

DELICIOUS sandwiches, and cheap ones, can be made by mincing fine, rare beefsteak. Season only with pepper and salt. These are excellent for invalids.

NEVER put potatoes on the table in a covered dish. They will re absorb their own moisture and become sodden.

APPLES will not freeze if covered with linen cloth, nor a pie or custard burn if in the oven with a dish of water.

TO LAMENT the past continuously is rather a hindrance than a help to bettering the future.

HOME CIRCLE.

WHAT ONE HEADACHE DID.

THE work in the Cary household dragged tiresomely that September morning.

Little Mrs. Cary, the promoter and manager, had a headache and then the baby was not feeling well.

Louise, the eldest child, was a girl of fifteen, and a true Cary. Large brown eyes, low forehead and sinister mouth. The other children were all Riders, having blue eyes and small faces, hands and feet like the mother.

Well, Louise was there in the kitchen and doing all she could to make things move along as usual, but somehow they wouldn't move. Every dish and article of furniture seemed to have on an obstinate air. The fresh gusts of wind would now and then catch up a sprinkling of ashes, nearly putting out the fire at the same time, and scatter it gleefully over the shining hearth or clean painted floor.

The tea-kettle, which Louise had just filled at the well, would let the water run out of its snout, although Louise *knew* she had not filled it too full. The flies covered the screen-door so thickly that of course no one could open it without letting in half of their number, and they were too thick inside already. And then above all hung low, sullen clouds, which spread a dreary, discouraging air over all out-doors.

"Now, mother, do lie down and get Maudie to sleep," said Louise, presently, as she noticed the mother's flushed face. "We can't touch the ironing anyway, and I'll get the dinner all right."

"No, no, child! there's too much to do. Maud won't sleep till after dinner now, anyway," she replied, nervously.

"But, mamma—"

"Oh! say, mamma, the Holstein cow has come, and the little calf is just the prettiest black and white!" cried Harold, one of the twins, as he bounded into the room, followed by Howard and a swarm of flies.

"Just the prettiest black and white!" echoed Howard, the other twin.

"And come and see it, mamma, quick," and Harold grabbed her hand and started for the door with his blue eyes full of earnest entreaty.

"Oh! do let go," she exclaimed, crossly. "I should think my work was enough without your bothering me."

"But, mamma, it won't take five minutes."

"And it will do your head good, mother," Louise urged.

"I can't and won't, so hush!" she commanded, as she turned from the tear-bedimmed eyes of the twins, to spread the table.

And the twins left with disappointed faces, faces which bore a look of resentment and malice upon them.

The twins were ten, and another boy of seven, Newton, comprised the boys of the family. Mr. Cary came into dinner full of enthusiasm over his new purchase, and fully believed that before many years his farm should be stocked with Holstein cattle. The twins listened with sparkling eyes, for the little calf was indeed a beauty.

"Come, mother, let's go and see it," said Mr. Cary, as he rose from his chair.

"Oh! I can't. I must get the table ready for ironing," she answered.

"You go, mother, and I will do it," said Louise.

"Come, come, mother, you haven't been to the barn for, I guess, a month," pleaded her husband, "and I want—"

"And *I* want lots of things I can't have; and Maud must have her nap," and so saying she got up and took the baby into the cool sitting-room to lull to sleep, followed by the sad, homesick gaze of the husband and the disappointed look of the children.

"I should think they'd know I had more than enough to do," complained the mother to herself, as she rocked to and fro with the sleepy, tired little head upon her arm. "Men nor children cannot realize what a mother has to endure. Just

as if *I* had time to run around and look at this and that and fool my time away like Mrs. Belden. It's shocking!" and she got up, with a determined step, laid the baby in the bedroom, and mechanically prepared for ironing.

The door soon opened and all the boys entered hilariously, apparently having entirely forgotten the scene at the dinner table.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted Harold, echoed by Howard, with Newton's still fainter echo in the rear. Newton was always a little behind the twins, but then he had to be or he couldn't be able to always mimic them.

Mrs. Cary turned crossly to hush them, but they were far too excited to notice her.

"O mamma and Louise! it's the *grandest* thing, and papa says we're all to go. Oh! my, aint it lovely?"

"What is it, Harold? Go where?" Louise asked, gleefully.

"To Eagle Lake, to gather nuts," Harold screamed.

"And tent out a whole week!" Howard added.

"And cath fith," said Newton, the little lisper.

"Oh! who said so; did papa?" said Louise, with a sly twinkle in her eye. "What could be nicer than to get away from the kitchen and dishes and the everyday work. It's just like papa, too."

"There, there, children, do hush; it makes me tired to hear you. Put it all out of your heads as soon as possible, for it's all mere nonsense. Your father must be crazy to put such nonsense into your heads. I wonder if he's *that* foolish."

"O mamma! you surely won't—" said Louise.

"Won't what?" Mrs. Cary interrupted, crossly.

"Won't make papa so disappointed again. You see—I—he told me all about it two weeks ago, and we've planned and planned about it. Please, mother—mamma, don't say no," she added, pleadingly.

Mrs. Cary didn't seem to notice the last part of the sentence, but asked quickly:

"Disappointed again? What do you mean, child?"

"Forgive me, mamma, but didn't you see how he wished you to see the Holstein, and how badly he felt when you wouldn't go?"

"But you'll go this time, won't you, mamma?" asked Howard, earnestly.

"Where? oh! I forgot. Go, why you know and I know, I can't. But that needn't keep the rest of you away, as far as I can see," and she picked up her flat-iron again.

Mr. Cary entered in time to hear her remark, and he came up to her and playfully put his arm around her, and said:

"Well, I guess little mother can go, and so can we all. Louise and I have asked the Beldens for their tent they had to camp-meeting, and Mrs. Belden said she'd rather it would be used than not. And Mr. Belden has promised to help the hand about the milking, and Mrs. Granby is coming to keep the house in order while we're gone, so you see we've only to get ready and go."

"Edwin, *do* you suppose I could or *would* go and leave everything to strangers' hands? The tomatoes need canning every other day, and the ground-cherries must be picked regularly. You can go, and baby and I will stay here," and she tried to shake his arm from around her.

But he handed the iron to Louise, picked her up and sat her down in an arm-chair.

"Now, you just sit still while I talk to you, wife. You're just as tired as you can be, and you know it, and a week's outing in the woods, with a cheerful fire in the evening will do us all more good than all the tomatoes and ground-cherries in the world. Now, mother, you will go, won't you, for the sake of the children if not for your own?" he pleaded, earnestly.

"Edwin, I meant just what I said, and it makes my head ache to parley so. I say I won't go, but the rest of you can, and now let me go to work."

"O mamma!"

"You know we won't go without you."

"I don't want to go 'thout mamma," came from the children, while the husband stood with a face strained with emotion and his hands hanging helpless at his side.

"I hope, dear wife," he said, gently, "that God will not always permit you to feel so," and he turned and left the room. Louise turned to hide the tears which came unbidden at the sight of her much-loved father, the twins made a bolt for the

woodshed, while Newton threw himself sobbing upon the floor, and cried himself to sleep.

Mrs. Cary, the one who had caused all the heart-aches, appeared to be the only one who was not influenced by the foregoing scene, and the only one who took up her afternoon's task with the usual enthusiasm.

But as she swiftly moved her iron to and fro, with an occasional stop to press her hand to her aching head, did not the childish faces, overwhelmed with disappointment, or the strong, tender face of the husband and father appear between her and her work? She was very silent and preoccupied, so much so that she did not notice the hot tears which now and then fell upon Louise's hands, as she ironed at the opposite end of the table.

Suddenly Louise noticed how pale her mother looked, and broke the long stillness by saying: "Mother, is your head worse?"

"Yes," without looking up.

"Then please don't iron any more. I'll finish."

"Well, when I can't stand it any longer," she ironed awhile in pain and silence, and then sat dispairingly down.

"I'm afraid I'll *have* to go to bed, child, but I do hate to let the ironing go. But never mind, we can finish it to-morrow. I wonder what makes my head ache so," and she passed into the darkened bedroom to lie down beside little Maud. She quickly sank to sleep and when she again awoke, her bedroom door was open and the family were gathered in the sitting-room, talking in subdued tones, while the lamp burned, partially shaded, upon the centre-table.

For awhile she only vaguely wondered how she could have slept so long and have left all the work for Louise to do, then she began to notice the loved faces and listen to their conversation.

Maudie sat upon her father's knee and the others were laughing at her awkward and vehement gestures in trying to catch the brown whiskers which repeatedly brushed her face. But she finally tired of her play and fell to sleep upon his shoulder, when the twins hesitatingly asked:

"Papa, have we got to give up going to the Lake?" The father glanced up at the bedroom door, then said, sadly:

"I wish I might say no, but I fear I can't."

"Don't you s'pose, don't you s'pose she'll change her mind?" Harold asked, eagerly.

"I am afraid we'll have to give up the prospect for nuts this year, Harold," the father answered, as cheerily as he could.

"Papa," said Louise, hesitatingly, "do you think she'd go, if I'd stay and tend to the house and garden?"

"I am quite sure none of us would, for you need the rest as much as any one. And who could enjoy themselves without little Louise?" and he stroked the brown hair tenderly.

Ah! what a pang shot through the mother's heart as she lay there and watched the little family group—all there save one, and that one was the very one each was trying to excuse in the eyes of the others, and trying to love just the same.

"You see, it aint the nuts so much, after all," said Harold, soberly. "It's the packing up and the ride out there, just as if we were a set of emigrants going to Oklahoma, and then pitching the tent and toasting our toes at a camp-fire and getting nuts, and—"

"And sailing across the lake on a beetle's back, and meeting the little fairies in Rocky Glen and taking a night's turn around the moon," said Louise in exact imitation of Harold's voice and gesture, to which followed a merry burst of laughter in the very face of the disappointment, and a "Hush, children, you'll awaken mother."

Ah, yes! they had awakened her in a far better way than they dreamed. She utterly despised herself as she lay there, and she thought over and over the many times she had denied her family her company.

She thought of her husband's words: "I hope, dear wife, God will not always let you feel so," and she saw her family through a mist of tears.

"Mamma thaid that *we* could go," ventured Newton, to which Louise replied:

"But we won't go without her, Newton."

"No, children, we'll wait till we all can go together," said the father. "I'd like to go very much, in fact, Louise and I have planned it for a fortnight, and I know we'd all come back the better for it. But perhaps mother'll find time another year," he added, encouragingly.

"No, she won't *never* get time," said Harold, vehemently, "not even to look at a calf."

"Harold, hush immediately!" said Mr. Cary, sternly.

Then the conversation turned upon other subjects which seemed very vague and uncertain to the mother. Then she saw them all crying. Yes, and in a moment she saw it was herself that they were weeping over, and that her head lay on a tiny satin pillow, and she was cold and still. As Mr. Cary raised little Maud to look at the white face in the coffin, she felt that she must scream aloud, but she could neither move nor speak. Then she saw them lay her by the side of her aged mother, and she watched the almost heart-broken father gather his little flock around him and return to his desolate home.

Days and months passed by till a year had plodded past and she was still able to watch the actions of them all.

One day at dinner they were very hilarious, more so than they had been since the loved mother had left them. She had been a kind mother, they always declared, and her memory was held in sacredness and love, and no one ever blamed her even in thought.

"Oh! I tell you, I'm glad we can go," said the twins. "It seems as if the time would never come when we could pitch that tent in Eagle Grove."

"It seems just like it did a year ago, only—"

"Don't, Howard," cried Louise, in anguish, as she saw her father's grieved face.

"Well, I do wish mamma was here to go with us," said Howard, impetuously.

"Tho do I," said Newton, "if she'd only go."

The father opened his mouth to speak, but Mrs. Cary felt as if she must let them know she'd go anywhere, yes, *everywhere*, if they only wouldn't be so tenderly kind of her.

"Why, dear wife, are you very ill?" Her husband was bending over her, and all the children had rushed into her room. She felt the tears raining down her cheeks, and she threw her arms eagerly about her husband's neck and sobbed uncontrollably upon his shoulder.

"It was awful! awful!" she murmured.

"What, dear?" Mr. Cary asked, gently.

"I thought I was dead."

"God forbid!" he earnestly interrupted.

"And, dear Edwin—children—I see it all now. I've been wrong. I've thought too much of order, energy, and work, and too little of the beauties of life. I have slighted the pure drops of spring water to drink, when I needed, from the stagnant pools. Forgive me, won't you, husband—children?"

Five pairs of arms impetuously clasped her head and shoulders, while each tried to kiss the tears away for an answer. Then she said:

"I heard what you all said about tenting out and I have concluded to—to—go and—"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted the three boys in chorus, while the husband tenderly pressed the hot hand, and whispered:

"God bless you Eleanor, my wife."

Louise ran to get Maud, who was awakened by the general uproar. The mother remembered how she had longed to kiss her baby, and now that she was able to do so she thankfully grasped the little form and covered the little face with kisses.

"May God forgive me," she said, aloud, "and show us all how to enjoy each other every moment. And now, I guess I'll go out to my rocker—for—I really believe my head has ceased to ache."

"And I *know* our hearts have," said Louise, lovingly.

BERTHA PACKARD ENGLET.

MIS' WILK'SON'S PHOTOGRAPH.

"THERE was a young man come to our town for to take photographs."

The dews of a humorous recollection gathered in Mis' Wilk'son's eyes as she settled herself to tell her story. "I reckon mebbe as some o' you hev seen these yer tents they set up when they aint got no wagon. He highsted his'n clost to the

foot o' the bridge, an' some folks said they was most afeered to drive past it, 'twas a heap wuss'n the cars. However, the horses got used to it, an' by and by the people got used to it too.

"'Mother,' says Mary to me, 'aint you a-goin' to hev yer picter taken?'

"'Is his daguerreotypes good, datter?' says I.

"Mary's little boy got to laughin' so hard he couldn't stop himself, though I seen the child was tryin'. Mary jest looked at him but never said a word.

"'I can't help it, I guess,' says Frankie, a-frownin' back at her, 'Gran'mother calls 'em daguerreotypes.'

"'That's what picters was called, an' not so long ago, neither,' says Mary, severely, and Frankie quit a-laughin', and got up and went out as sober a little man as ever I see.

"Then I says to Mary: 'Is his picters good, datter?'

"'I don't know,' says Mary, 'but it won't do no harm to try. You aint never hed yer picter taken yet, and you've promised and promised.'

"I couldn't say nary word to this. I *hed* promised over and over, but 'peared like whenever I'd go to town I'd hev so many other uses fer my money that I wouldn't get that fur around.

"'Well, I reckon,' says I, 'we ought fer to encourage home trade and set the village an example. As fur as I know,' says I, 'he aint taken nothin' but niggers.'

"'And they was tin-types,' says Mary.

"I set back in my chair and laughed hearty. 'Ef none o' them didn't break the glass,' says I, 'an old weak woman like me aint agoin' to do it, neither.'

"It was fixed that the next Monday comin' I was to pay a visit to the tent. Frankie's face a-peepin' in the doorway commenced a-brightenin' up, and the next minute he was a-pullin' Mary's frock an' offerin' himself to go along with me.

"The orders the child had! He was to see that everything on me was straight, my cap an' my cape an' the little flashy black bow that his mother would pin on to my collar.

"'Law! Mary,' says I, 'choke me an' be done with it, but do quit a-fixin'.' You'd a thought sure I was agoin' to the biggest kind of a show the furse that was made gettin' me ready.

"'Datter,' says I, sharply, 'is he a-goin' to take my shoes?'

"There was Mary on her knees tyin' my slipper-strings that particlar it 'ud take the children 'most all evenin' to get the knots out, an' I'd heered her three times tellin' Frankie how as he was to make the man understand that the daguerreotype was only to be took to the waist.

"I knowed Mary was thinkin' of her fine plush album where she kept her'n an' the children's picters, an' their pa's an' some of his friends, an' that young man I was a-tellin' you about onct who didn't get fer to vote after all his preparations. I kind o' wished, as Frankie and me walked down the hill, that Mary'd put me in her little old album in the burey drawer beside of that smilin' picter o' Billy's, taken before he started out fer the war; the eyes a-laughin' an' the cheeks that red.

"'Gran'mother,' says Frankie, 'don't walk in the dirt.'

"His voice give me a little start, an' I stepped up on the side-path.

"''Cause I'm a-takin' keer o' you,' says Frankie, 'an I don't want me an' you to go a-walkin' in the tent with our nice black shoes all muddy.'

"'That's right, lovey,' says I, 'be a good boy an' do what mother tells you.'

"'I'm a-goin' to,' says he, that proud to be a-takin' me to the tent. 'I'm a-goin' to see to everything Mary told me.'

"He was a little feller, an' when he was feelin' big he always said: 'Mary.' 'You're a-pullin' yer shawl crooked already,' says he, 'an' yer bonnet looks to me as ef it wasn't settin' straight neither.'

"'Wait till we get to the tent, honey,' says I, 'let me get down the hill easy.'

The daguerrian come out an' smiled an' bowed to us, an' we went in a-follerin' him. There was an old man settin' in there whom he introduced to us as his uncle. He made me take a cheer, an' Frankie set down on a little box an' we waited fer him to fix things around where he takes the picters. I felt that nervous an' flurried, I kept a-wishin' an' a-wishin' it was over. Then the daguerrian come an' smiled an' bowed again, an' said fer me jest to step back, please.

"I aint usually noted fer my awkardness, but I knocked the daguerrian's cheer

clean over when I got up fer to step back.

"Sech a fixin'! Mary's wasn't nothin' to it. Fust my head thisaways an' then thataways, an' my eyes a-gittin' more an' more crossed; nothin' seemed fer to suit.

"While the young man was a-tryin' his best to be satisfied, an' persuadin' my head a little further to the side, I heered the old uncle outside a-talkin' to Frankie. He was tellin' the child how nice it was fer to hev the picters of old people taken so's they could hev 'em to look at after they was gone.

"I aint a-feered o' dyin'. The good Lord willed it, an' it aint fer the likes o' me to be a-pullin' against it, but, somehow, as I was settin' there a-listenin' with the young man twistin' my head, I got to thinkin' 'bout Mary an' the children when the time come, an' how it would a'most break Billy's heart.

"'Now, ma'am, you must look pleasant,' says the young man, cheerfully. 'I aint a hurtin' you anywheres, am I?'

"'No,' says I, bracin' up, an' then I remembered Frankie, an' I told the daguerrian fer to fetch the little boy in ef it wasn't against the rules, as his mother hed give him orders.

"He went an' called Frankie in, an' the old man quit a-talkin'.

"'Is my cap straight, honey?' says I, but fer the life o' me I couldn't steady my voice. Mary's little boy was peepin' round the machine with the quarest look in his blue eyes.

"'Mother said as you was to look after gran'mother's cap an' fixin's, honey,' says I. 'Is my cap straight?'

"'Yes'm,' says Frankie, in a whisper.

"'An' my cape?'

"'Yes'm.'

"'An' my bonnet, as you said was crooked as we come down the road?'

"'Yes'm, everything is right,' says Frankie, winkin' his blue eyes, an' then the daguerrian says, reassurin'ly:

"'Yes'm, everything is right,' an' I seen he was ready fer to take the picter.

"I must say I give the young man a heap o' trouble. He hed fer to fix me all over, an' give me my spot on the wall fer to look at good six times.

"One thing I was determined on. The face that was to be put in the album, alongside Mary an' the children, was to be a pleasant face like their'n. I looked at my spot on the wall, an' commenced a-smilin', but I felt my eyes a-fillin' up.

"'Jest keep steady one minute, ma'am, don't work yer hands, jest one minute, ma'am,' said the young man, kindly, an' then he bent himself double, an' grabbed somethin' off the machine, an' put it back like it was a-burnin' him.

"'That's all, ma'am,' says he, smilin' an' bowin', an' I got up an' went out to Frankie an' the old man, a-feelin' so quare.

"'Frankie,' says I, 'it's over.'

"Mary's little boy come a-runnin' to me, an' grabbed me round the skirts, an' sech a cry! I had a time a-soothin' him an' gettin' him up the road to Mary. His mother got him quiet by tellin' him that the next time she'd hev to send the baby with gran'mother.

"You want to know where my picter is?" The old lady gazed over her spectacles, and her head commenced bobbing. "Ask Billy Wilk'son.

"When they come home, there was a whole lot of 'em, Billy was there a-waitin', an' that pleased when he seen the envelopes.

"'That *mother!*' screamed Billy, with one of the picters open an' the rest on the floor an' the children after 'em. 'That *mother!*'

"I was settin' up in the daguerreotype, with my head sort o' on one side an' I was a-smilin'.

"'I think it's real good,' says Mary, but I knowed Mary wasn't a-speakin' the truth.

"'That *mother!*' cries Billy again, an' again Mary says, decidedly:

"'I think it's real good.'

"The next thing I knowed them photographs was torn up, an' the baby was a-frowin' 'em into the kitchen wood-box. But Mary's little boy was a-leanin' over my lap an' a-smilin' up in my face as if there wasn't nobody on earth like his old gran'mother, an' Billy Wilk'son was a-standin' in the door a-lookin' down at the white tent a-callin' the young daguerrian all the hard names he could recollect.

"Then I heerd Mary say, as if ef she was a-pleasin' me, but her voice wasn't so sorry as she was tryin' to let on:

"'The idea, Billy, o' you a-doin' *that*. I think they was *real* good.'"

LOUISE R. BAKER.

OLD THINGS AND DEAR.

(From the German.)

THERE is no song like an old song
That we have not heard for years;
Each simple note appears to throng
With shapes that swim in tears.
It may have been a cheerful strain,
But 'twas so long ago
That glee, grown old, has turned to pain,
And mirth has turned to woe.

There is no friend like an old friend,
Whose life-path mates our own,
Whose dawn and noon, whose eve and end
Have known what we have known.
It may be when we read his face
We note a trace of care,
'Tis well that friends in life's last grace
Share sighs as smiles they share.

There is no love like an old love;
A lost, maybe, or dead;
Whose place, since she has gone above,
No other fills instead.
It is not we'll ne'er love anew,
For life were drear if so,
But that first love has roots that grew
Where others cannot grow.

There are no days like old days,
When we, not they, were young,
When all life's ways were golden rays
And wrong had never stung.
Dear heart! if now our steps could pass
Through paths of childhood's morn,
And the dew of youth lie on the grass
Which Time's fell scythe has shorn!

Old song, old friend, old love, old days;
Old things, yet never old;
A stream that's dark till sunshine plays
And changes it to gold;
Through all winds memory's river on,
'Mid banks of sore regret,
But a gleam's on the peaks of long-agone
That softens sadness yet.

COZY-CORNER CHAT.

No. 1.

"TO everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven," so the Bible tells us. Now we cannot go to a higher authority for instruction, nor can we find a more truthful saying, yet there are many people who live as though they believed it not, and never find out how true it is. Still, it generally takes the most of us a good many years to learn the "time to every purpose," and the "season for everything," or, in other words, *to be systematic.*

The sooner we learn to apply this God-given principle to our lives, and make it our rule to be systematic in our daily occupations, the better it will be for all concerned. And yet, alas! how many never learn that fact, and in consequence are always behind with all their work and oftentimes in debt. Some, I fear, never try to learn it—never wish to learn it, but are perfectly content to let everything go in a slip-shod, hap-hazard manner, while others seem unable to learn how to apply the principle to their lives.

Many of both these classes are good-naturedly indolent, taking life in an easy fashion, while others are in a continual worry and fret, feeling as though they were being driven from one task to another, with never time for anything, and living in a from-hand-to-mouth fashion that is truly disheartening to any one who has a spark of energy and ambition in their make-up.

Now there is Mrs. Bright, and she is bright by name and nature, too, though she doesn't know the A-B-C of system. She flies about her work like a hen with her head cut off, and seems to have almost as much trouble in managing her household affairs as though she were in the same sad condition as a decapitated hen. Her head does not do its duty in planning work and saving worry.

I went in there the other day to see Mr. B. on business. He was not at home, but they were expecting him every minute, so I waited until he came. The B.'s have been near neighbors of ours for years—ever since they came to live at the old Granger place, so we do not stand on ceremony with one another, and Maud told me to "come right in the room" where they were at work.

I accepted her invitation, and found the table and chairs strewn with pieces of dress goods, dresses, and various garments, the whole presenting a scene of the utmost confusion. Mrs. B. was flying around "as nervous as a witch," all in a

flutter, and with a bright red spot on either cheek.

Now, what do you suppose was the cause of all this excitement and confusion? Simply this:

They were preparing to attend the regular monthly meeting of the S. M. Society, and though in the habit of attending these meetings regularly, yet they were not prepared but had to put their clothes in order at the last minute.

They have literary exercises at the meetings of the society, and Maud was to recite a poem at this one. She was to dress in white, the better to represent the character she was to delineate, but when she went to array herself she declared:

"These sleeves are so tight, I just positively cannot wear them, and one of two things has got to be done. I've got to have a new pair of sleeves in this dress or else stay at home, that's certain."

So, while Maud ripped out the old sleeves, the mother had cut out a new pair, stitched them up on the sewing-machine, and when I entered was just getting ready to baste them in the dress. This Maud told me almost as soon as I was seated, and Mrs. B. added:

"It is work I have been intending to do for two or three weeks, but somehow I never seemed able to find the time to do it."

"Maud," she continued, "gather up those pieces and put them away; then go and get as nearly ready as you can, so you can put on your dress just as soon as I get it finished."

Maud gathered up the pieces, and without stopping to fold or roll them together, just tossed them in a closet and hastily departed. Clara gathered up some garments and followed her sister, but in a few minutes she re-appeared at the door with a very woebegone countenance.

"Say, mamma," she said, "I can't find a single pair of my stockings that haven't got holes in them!"

"Dear me!" said the worried mother, "I forgot about the stockings. But you run along and get all dressed but your feet, and as soon as I get Maud's dress done, I'll see about your stockings."

The sewing-machine clicked in a manner that indicated it was badly in need of oil—while the sleeves were being hastily sewed in place—and the end of a seam was announced by a dismal creak and groan of the machinery.

As Mrs. Bright went to add a few stitches with her needle, Maud's voice was heard calling her:

"Mamma! O mamma! is my dress ready? I'm ready—waiting for it."

"Well," was the reply, "it will be ready in a minute. I did think I would have time to press the sleeves, but I won't, and I guess it will not make much difference. Here," as she stepped to the door and handed Maud her dress, "put it on while I go and hunt some stockings for Clara."

Maud put on the dress, but before she had finished fastening it, her mother returned with a pair of stockings which she tossed at her, with the remark:

"There, Maud, get a needle and thread and catch those holes up, while I change my dress and comb my hair," and she hurried into another room.

"I never darn stockings," said Maud. "Say, mamma, I don't know how to mend them!"

"Just take a needle and thread," said the mother, "and catch the edges together, or sew them over and over, or *any way*, just so as you close up the holes, so she can wear them to-day. And be quick about it, for your father will get so out of patience if he comes before we are ready."

"Hello! hello, somebody!" I heard some one shouting from the road.

"Oh, dear!" said Maud, as she glanced out the window, "if there isn't papa now! I know he will be all out of patience when he finds mamma isn't ready. Say, Hannah, won't you go to the door and answer him—tell him you want to see him."

"Yes," said I, "and I'll go out there and tell him about that organ, for I'm in a hurry. So good-bye."

"Good-bye. I'll be ever so glad if you will, for that will keep him a little while, and give us a chance to finish getting ready."

I left the house and wended my way toward the gate in front of which was Mr. Bright, sitting in his carriage.

"How do you do, Hannah? Do you know whether my folks are ready yet?" was his greeting.

"They are not quite ready, but they are hurrying as fast as they can," was my reply.

"Ought to have been ready an hour ago," he grumbled, "but they are always behind."

I could not gainsay that, for I knew it was true; so I turned his attention to the errand on which I had come, and after chatting a little, started homeward, leaving him—

"Sitting like Patience on a monument,
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on."

"Here," thought I, "is a practical illustration of the evils of procrastination, and proves the wisdom of putting into practice those old maxims, 'A stitch in time,' and 'A time for everything.'"

If those stockings had been mended the previous week when they came from the wash, and that dress been altered at the proper time, how much worry and ill-feeling would have been spared. As it was, the whole family were tired, worried, or "out of sorts."

Maud is quite a young lady, and fully able to assist her mother with the sewing and mending had she been taught so to do, but she has not. That portion of her education had been neglected, and the "time for that" delayed.

If Mrs. Bright would learn to plan and have some system for her work—try to accomplish certain kinds of work on certain days, instead of letting it "run at loose ends," as it were, how much worry she might save herself, and how much more comfort she might enjoy.

ANNA B. QUILLIN.

BEREAVEMENT. What valuable messages bereavement bears! We lose one upon whom we have depended, and we learn to stand upon our own feet. Or we have been unkind or harsh or indifferent to one who was yet dear to us, and the opportunity for making atonement is gone forever; yet, through our remorse and grief, we learn to be tender and loving to those who are left. The hard discipline of sickness and death is forever emphasizing the laws of health, and impressing the world with the need of sanitary regulations and the duty of healthful living. There are, too, the disappointments and discouragements that come to us through others. Our friend forsakes us; one in whom we had trusted deceives us; those we have befriended are ungrateful, and our hearts grow faint and our hopes fade. Yet behind all these clouds shines a light to guide our future efforts. We may learn more of human character and how to test it; we may discover better methods of doing good and of helping our fellow-creatures; we may be taught to expect less and to make more allowance than before; and out of this new knowledge may spring benefits and joys hitherto undreamed of.

DOING ONE'S BEST. It is in works of benevolence and reform, just as in all other kinds of work, that that which a man can do best is the very best thing for him to do. So, if one man is interested in sanitary schemes and another in evening schools, if one is anxious for free libraries and another for free parks, if one can help to secure good roads and clean streets, and another can aid in protecting children or dumb animals from ill-treatment, let each be assured that in such exertions he is doing his share in promoting morality, and in elevating character as surely and as effectually as those whose peculiar province it is to teach or to preach, to admonish or to advise. As Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, puts it, "Who does the best his circumstance allows, does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

To get through one thing and to begin another seems to be the whole of life to some people. The element of well doing is forgotten; there is no time allotted for that. The mind, concentrated on getting on, or getting through the business on hand, has no opportunity for consideration, reflection, comparison, judgment—no time for proving methods or testing results. Yet, without all this, how poor a thing is work of any kind!

A RING or two of onion added to tomatoes when they are put on to stew improves the flavor to some tastes.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

"OUR TRAVELED HOUSEKEEPER."

V.

ON no subject connected with the culinary art was I more ignorant, previous to my memorable visit, than on the subject of cake-baking.

A few simple rules used over and over again, that sometimes "turned out right," and sometimes wrong, and icing made of the beaten whites of eggs stiffened with pulverized sugar, constituted my "stock in trade."

My icing usually was too soft and sticky, or else would crumble and cleave off when the cake was cut, and even the wonderful "one, two, three, four rule" for cake, which I had learned when a little girl, was sometimes soggy and heavy, and never quite satisfactory.

Realizing my deficiency in this particular, I made a special effort to obtain all the information I could in this line.

How well I succeeded I will leave to John, who has a regular "cake tooth," or, better still, come and see for yourself. If you like cake at all, I think I can find some kind in my long list of recipes that will suit you.

The first thing I learned was that I did not even know how to put the ingredients together for a cake. I had never followed any regular order, quite as often as any way putting all the things together before beating at all, not even taking pains to beat the whites and yelks of the eggs separately.

Aunt Laura, whom I followed into the kitchen on cake-baking day, set me right on this point at once. She always uses an earthen mixing bowl, and, if in cold weather, warms it with hot water, wipes dry, and puts in the butter first. This she beats to a cream, then adds the sugar and beats again; next the yelks of the eggs, if used, then the milk or water and the flour in small portions, alternately, beating each time, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

The baking-powder, or soda and cream of tartar, should be sifted into the flour, and Aunt Laura thinks that sifting the flour several times is an addition. When spices are used they should be mixed into the flour or sugar, and fruit should be rolled in a portion of the flour to prevent from settling to the bottom. Coarse granulated sugar is apt to make a cake soggy and heavy.

Cakes containing butter should be beaten quite hard after all the ingredients are together, sponge-cakes but slightly; and all cakes should be baked immediately after prepared.

Another item connected with cake-baking was a revelation to me—that any jar about the stove, slamming the oven-door or putting in wood, would be likely to make the cake fall. This accounted for the fact that with the same recipe my cakes had sometimes been light and sometimes soggy.

Even a heavy step across the room will affect delicate sponge-cakes, Aunt Laura says; and she will allow no one to walk in the room when she is baking angels' food. For this reason, there should be sufficient fire to bake the cake before it is put in the oven. Layer-cakes require hotter fire than loaf-cakes, and with all the fire should be hottest at first. Loaf-cakes should be nearly level when done; if they rise in the centre, it indicates that they are too stiff with flour. If the cake browns before rising, the oven is too hot.

So much for mixing and baking cakes, now for some recipes.

For layer-cakes I have two recipes that are favorites, one rich and fine grained, the other lighter and more like sponge-cake. I always use the former for cake I wish to keep. The rule is, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon baking-powder, whites of four eggs, or two whole eggs.

This also makes a nice loaf-cake, singly, or doubled for a large loaf.

Aunt Laura is partial to cream of tartar and soda in place of baking-powder. My other layer-cake recipe is hers. It is one

cup sugar, three level tablespoons butter, three-fourths cup sweet milk, one and three-fourths cups flour, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one teaspoon soda, and whites of two eggs,

I have still another recipe which I sometimes use for layer-cake to be eaten fresh, that contains no butter. It is very good for those who like the sponge cake variety. As for myself, I prefer butter cakes.

This is Cousin Mary's layer-cake: One cup sugar, three eggs, three tablespoons water, two teaspoons baking-powder, and one and one-half cups flour.

In preparing sponge-cake mixtures, or those without butter, Aunt Laura says begin with the yelks of the eggs and beat until light. Add the sugar gradually and beat again, then add the flavoring and water. Beat the whites until stiff and dry, cut or fold them in lightly. Then sift in the flour, and fold in carefully without stirring. Bake at once.

For fillings, I use various kinds besides the icings of which I will speak later. John likes occasionally an old-fashioned jelly-cake, while red raspberry jam is a favorite with the children.

For fig-cake I take one half-pound figs, one cup water, one cup sugar, and juice of one lemon. Chop the figs fine, boil all together until thick, let cool, and then spread. This makes quite thick layers. For thinner layers, and without the lemon I take one-fourth pound figs, seven tablespoons sugar, and two-thirds cup of water.

Cousin Getty made a lemon filling which I liked so well that I copied her recipe and often use it. It is: juice of one lemon, one egg, one-half coffee cup sugar, and one tablespoon of butter. Boil until the consistency of jelly. Cool before spreading.

Raisins chopped and stirred into frosting are nice for layer-cake, or they may be used in the place of figs in the above recipe.

I have a recipe for orange-cake which I like very much, and for this I use a different rule for the cake mixture. It is one cup sugar, one tablespoon melted butter, one-half cup milk, one and one-half cups flour, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream of tartar, two eggs, one tablespoon orange juice, and a little of the grated rind. Bake in a round, shallow pan, split and fill with the following orange cream:

Put in a cup the grated rind of half and the juice of one orange, one tablespoon of lemon juice, and fill with cold water. Strain, and put on to boil. Add one tablespoon corn-starch, wet in cold water. Stir until thick, then cook over hot water ten minutes. Beat the yelk of one egg, add two heaping tablespoons sugar, stir into the starch, cook one minute, add one teaspoon butter, and cool.

Of course this cake would not keep long, but I am sure that no one who is fond of oranges would fail to appreciate it when fresh. I sometimes finish it with a soft frosting ornamented with slices of orange on top, and serve it for dessert at dinner. It makes a very dainty dish.

I attended a wedding during my visit, and the nicest cake there, in my opinion, was an ice-cream cake. I afterward had an opportunity to get the recipe. I suspect that this also would be much nicer when fresh, for cakes containing corn-starch dry out quicker than others. Those who are fond of cake which "will fairly melt in your mouth" will be sure to be pleased with this: Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup sweet milk, one cup corn-starch, two cups flour, whites of eight eggs, two large teaspoons baking-powder. This will make three large layers. For icing, take whites of four eggs beaten stiff, four cups sugar, one half-pint boiling water. Pour the water over the sugar and let it boil until like candy, try in cool water, and put this slowly over the eggs. Flavor with vanilla and let it stand until cool. Put the icing over each layer almost as thick as the cake. Dry in cool oven before putting together.

While on the subject of wedding-cake, I will give a recipe which is an heirloom in the family, it having been used at my grandmother's wedding, also at the weddings of all of her daughters and nearly all of her granddaughters.

I will give the recipe exactly as it was given to me, although I object to the brandy, because I believe that we can exert a better influence for temperance if we strictly adhere to the rule, "touch not, taste not, handle not," even in our cooking. Who knows but that wine sauces

and brandy mince-pies may have sometime created a taste for liquor, or stimulated one already formed. But for the recipe: take of flour, butter, sugar, and raisins, each three pounds; mace, cinnamon, and nutmeg, of each one ounce; two dozen eggs, six pounds currants, one-half pint brandy. Beat the butter to a cream and then beat the sugar into the butter, add the yelks of the eggs after being well beaten, then the whites, beaten to a stiff froth. Mix fruit, flour, and spices together, and add them, with beating. This was the original recipe, but Aunt Sarah thinks it an improvement to add a scant half cup of molasses in which a teaspoon of soda has been dissolved, and a little more flour.

This cake will keep a long time. Aunt Sarah says that she kept a loaf of this a year by folding it carefully in a buttered paper, then in a cloth, and keeping it in a place neither too damp nor too dry. It is needless to add that when I have occasion to use this recipe for Jennie's wedding I shall omit the brandy; in that case, Aunt Sarah says, we must add the molasses.

Aunt Laura is a perfect success in making angels' food cake. Instead of being a difficult cake to make, she says it is one of the easiest, because there are so few ingredients and everything must be done quickly. Taking great pains, or "fussing," as she calls it, will spoil the cake. That I might be sure to know exactly how she made it, she wrote out for me a very explicit rule, and here it is:

One and one-half cups pulverized sugar, whites of eleven eggs, one coffee-cup flour, one teaspoon cream of tartar (no soda), one half teaspoon vanilla or lemon, pinch of salt. Sift flour six times, three before and three after putting in the cream of tartar. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, having previously put in a pinch of salt; stir in the sugar very lightly, then add the flour in the same manner, lastly the vanilla, mixing all as quickly and lightly as possible after the eggs are beaten. Turn immediately into a round pan with a funnel in the centre, bake very slowly in a moderate oven one hour. Try with a broom-splint.

When done, turn the pan upside-down, with the edges resting on cups; when cool loosen with a sharp knife.

Use fresh eggs that have been kept in a cool place.

The oven should not be opened for ten minutes after putting in the cake. Open and shut the door very gently. Too slow mixing and too quick baking will make it tough. Use the egg-beater only to beat the eggs.

I might copy many more from my list of cake recipes, for their name is legion, but I will quote but two more, both of which are quite different from the ones already given, and both are very nice.

Aunt Laura's lemon sponge-cake: Nine eggs, twelve ounces sugar, six ounces flour, one teaspoon baking-powder, rind and juice of one lemon (grate the yellow part of the rind, not the pulp or white part), pinch of salt. Yelks, sugar, and lemon whipped to a cream for thirty minutes, flour and whites mixed together.

Cousin Anna's coffee-cake: One cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one cup strong coffee, five cups flour, two cups raisins, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon allspice, one-half nutmeg, three eggs. Sift the soda into the molasses. I usually divide this rule, and then I use but one egg.

No part of the information acquired during this pleasant and profitable visit has proved more satisfactory to me than what I have learned about making frosting. The few recipes I copied then, together with a certain amount of skill acquired since by practice—for it is impossible to be efficient in any department of the art of cooking without practice—have enabled me to make delicate, candy-like frostings in place of the unsatisfactory material I used to call by that name.

First, I learned the recipe for common cooked frosting, much nicer than the cold frosting I had always used. For a small amount of frosting I take a little more than one-half cup sugar, and three tablespoons water. Boil until it will hair when dipped with a spoon, then pour slowly over the beaten white of one egg, or the yelks of two, beating all the time. The amount of sugar and water can be slightly increased without additional eggs, if more frosting is desired. The skill required for this is in deciding just when it is boiled sufficiently.

I have another recipe which I use much

oftener because it is cheaper, easier, and more sure to be just right. I will give the full rule, which may be divided if a small amount is desired: One cup granulated sugar and five tablespoons sweet milk. Boil five minutes, then beat until cool enough to spread. This makes a frosting that never sticks, and even when boiled too much will always cut without crumbling. If, after beating until nearly cold, it seems to be too thick, a small amount of milk or hot water can be added; but, if exact measures and exact time are observed there will seldom be need of alterations.

Chocolate frosting may be made by using a trifle more milk and adding the grated chocolate while it is still hot.

Somewhat similar to this is Aunt Carrie's caramel frosting, although the latter is more like cream candy.

It is one and one-half cups sugar, two-thirds cup sweet milk (or cream), butter half the size of an egg, boil six or seven minutes, stirring all the time. Beat with a spoon until white and thick, and when cool, flavor with vanilla. Put between layers of cake.

I think my maple-syrup frosting is our favorite, especially with the children. I would advise every one who has the maple syrup to give this a fair trial. Do not be discouraged if you fail to boil it quite long enough and your frosting is sticky, but try again. Even the sticky frosting will taste well, only it will bother you about cutting.

Here is the recipe: One cup maple syrup and a piece of butter size of a walnut. Boil until it will wax hard when dropped into cold water.

Take off and let cool a few minutes, then add the white of one egg well beaten, and beat well together. This makes very nice layer-cake.

HATTIE MARLEY.

THOSE TROUBLESOME STEEL KNIVES AND FORKS.

OUR "best" knives and forks are not the heavy plated ones, but one dozen thin bladed, finely tempered steel, set in black rubber handles. More expensive than very good plated ones.

The steel blades and tines must be rubbed as carefully as silver knives and forks are cared for, and when nicely polished glitter beautifully.

During the first year of using them we allowed them to rust badly, though trying to take *extra* care of the "touch-me-nots." We carefully dried them before wrapping in flannel, kept them in a dry place, but they invariably rusted when not in constant use, until we rubbed them, after the polishing process, with a cloth dipped in lard and rosin. Keep the mixture on hand, one-half pint lard, even teaspoonful rosin.

Keep the knives in flannel-bag, where the air can get to them. Fine steel knives rust easily, and need looking after often to keep them nice.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

WE cannot change our low spirits into higher or our mournful feelings into cheery ones by simply determining to do so; but we can apply our force to bear upon the conditions on which they rest, we can put to flight many causes of dejection and nourish many germs of serenity and comfort.

IF there were no dark places in our lives, we should not value the brightness; if there were no failures, we should not care for success; if we had no disappointments, we should have few hopes; and without adversity prosperity would lose most of its charm.

SHORTENING for pies should be cold and firm. Have the water also cold, and stand in a cool place while mixing and rolling out pastry.

A WISE man will do what he can; he will not attempt or waste time or thought over what he sees to be clearly impossible.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to women are cordially invited for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking any information they may desire. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

CONCERNING DISH-WASHING.

DEAR EDITOR:—I wonder what I shall call this little "note" of mine? Surely, there isn't enough of any one thing to give it a title! Just let me tell you first how I wrote it—perhaps that will give some one a hint. If I know anything that is a help to me, and I think it may be to some one else, I like to tell of it. So I keep a note-book and pencil on my kitchen-shelf, and when I am at work and anything particularly helpful, as I said, occurs to me, I write it down then and there, no matter if my hands are in the dish-water. "Go thou and do likewise," dear "HOME" friends!

Speaking of dish-water, here is a note about my way of washing dishes: Have plenty of nice, hot water, with a very little good soap—I like Pearline for this purpose, as it dissolves so quickly and seems to brighten the dishes. Do not try—unless water is precious from scarcity—to make one water do all the washing; the best plan is to first clear the sink of all iron and tin dishes used in preparing the meal—you cannot think how much more easily such things are cleansed in clean, hot water than if left, as is the usual way, to take a cold, dirty bath after the more favored articles of china and silver have been washed. In clearing off the table, take first the knives, forks, and spoons, plunge them into a deep dish (I use a five-pound lard pail) partly filled with hot water, "brightened" with soap, and wipe while hot on a clean, soft towel. Then gather up the cups, saucers, plates, etc., rinsing the coffee and tea grounds, and bits too small to be gathered up for the chickens off in a basin of water before putting the dishes in the dish-pan. Have the water very hot, do the work as quickly as possible, and your dishes will never be grimy. Another thing: Keep watch of the handles of your cups; every housekeeper knows how prone they are to collect dark rings, bits of lint, and other unpleasant things. Just have an old tooth-brush handy for an occasional scrubbing out. A soft tooth-brush, too, is nice for cleaning much-figured glassware, chased silver, etc.

And now about my dish-mop—something which every one of you ought to have. I have seen them made like a swab, tied to a stick, but the cloth should be unwound from these always in order to dry out sweet and clean, and this is much trouble. My "mop-handle" was home-made, and the first one I ever saw, although I have been told they were afterward patented. It was formed of three pieces of stiff wire each about fourteen inches long, firmly twisted together at the top for perhaps a third of the way down, a small ring was slipped over the wires at the bottom, each one was bent in about one-half an inch to form a sort of hook, and all were slightly sprung outward. Place the dish-cloth inside the wires, to be held by the hooks, push the ring down to hold the wires in place, and you have an idea of the working of my dish-mop. By making one of the wires double length, allowing yet another two inches to form a loop at the top—doubling it, and twisting in with the second wire—you will have something neater than a twine string to hang it by. The twisting is done by the aid of monkey-wrenches, and the bending of the wires in the same way.

SISTER MARIE.

[You have given us so generous a note that we feel compelled to keep the rest of it for next time. You do not care, do you? We are glad, however, to answer your question concerning the "Shut-ins," recently written of by another contributor, and the list of whom we have sent you. We have the names of seven

"HOME" invalids, to whom packages of reading matter find their way as often as possible, and we should be glad to receive others, still. Not long ago a lady wrote to us, "I have been cleaning house and have gathered up a barrel of magazines, household papers, etc. I thought at first to burn them, but it seems a pity to destroy what might give pleasure to some of your 'Shut ins.' Can you not say, through the 'HOME' MAGAZINE, that I will gladly send them to all sending postage? which I can hardly afford to pay this spring, much as I would like to." If there are any among our "HOME" invalids who would like this reading matter, we will gladly forward requests for it to this friend, paying postage on the packages if those applying are unable to do so, and feeling fully repaid by the thought that even one lonely hour has thus been brightened.]

—

BITS OF HELPFULNESS.

I have heard housekeepers say they liked to wash, but usually those who were not compelled to do this work. I do not like it, but try to save my strength all I can. I get the clothes all ready to put out the first day—that is, after washing I place them in clean water and let them remain over night, next morning wring out and put them in the blued water. The clothes are clearer and sweeter for it, and I am much less tired.

Lemon juice is one of the most effectual ink-removers I know of (and now that the fruit season is here again let me remind the "HOME" housekeepers that boiling water poured through fruit stains will almost invariably remove them. This must be done before the stain is washed in the ordinary way, however). Really, the properties of this useful yellow fruit seem to be "galore." Every one knows how salt discolors, even to eating the plating off salt cellars; nothing I tried removed the green, until I bethought me to try lemon. With the pulp of the fruit I rubbed gently, and most certainly the green disappeared, and I had again the pleasure of seeing our breakfast cruet without its disagreeable artificial coloring.

Other virtues of the lemon seem almost endless. A good squeeze of the juice in hot water at night is most excellent for a chest cold; in short, many think the remedy a veritable lung-healer. And, by the way, I would recommend that one or two glasses of water as hot as can be swallowed be taken just before retiring at night by any one having a tired chest or stomach. I know by experience that the "hot-water cure" is not to be made light of.

When lemons are so cheap and plentiful as now—with us but fifteen or twenty cents a dozen for nice ones—I frequently bottle some lemon syrup, which, mixed with cold water, makes a most refreshing summer drink, and is also nice for flavoring jellies, creams, water-ices, etc. Select perfect lemons, cut in two, and squeeze the juice; to a pint of this juice, take the well-beaten white of one egg, one pint of water, and three pounds of sugar; put in a preserving kettle the latter ingredients, stir until the sugar is dissolved, let boil and skim well. Strain the lemon juice into this boiling syrup, boil fifteen minutes, let cool, bottle, and seal. Orange syrup may be made in a like way, with a little less sugar.

JUANITA.

—

PATCHWORK.

I am not a bit afraid to declare that I like to make patchwork; it isn't because it is now a fashionable occupation, either. I always liked it, from the time I was a little girl and had to have my seams basted, to sew over and over.

None of the pieces left from making gingham and calico dresses and aprons are wasted at our house. I do not cut them up until the garments of which they were a part are worn out, for fear patches may be needed; but I put them away in the piece-bag, and once in awhile, on some rainy afternoon when I am alone with the children and nobody is likely to happen in, I take down the bag and have a real "cutting out" time. May and Josie, aged five and seven, take needle and thread, and catch the pieces for each square together as I place them in little piles, and enjoy the work as much as I do. The tacked squares I tuck away in my basket for "pick-up" work, and al-

most before I know it I have enough "pieced" squares for a quilt or comfortable.

I know that ready-make comfortables can be purchased very cheaply—so cheaply that it hardly pays, in one sense of the word, to sew patchwork; but, after all, these old-fashioned "pieced" quilts seem a great deal nicer than those made of gaudy, cheap print, both sides alike, and are really no more expensive. If not used in this way the pieces would be of little or no value, and odd minutes which would otherwise not be turned to account are employed in piecing the squares, which may be set together on a sewing-machine in a short time. Then, when everything is in readiness, a good, old-fashioned quilting gives the finishing touch, and somehow puts one in good-humor with herself and all the world! Try it, sisters; and be sure to invite in the dear old ladies who used to go to quiltings in their young days, but who somehow feel that the bustle and hurry of nowadays has left them quite behind.

MRS. L. N.

—

TORCHON LACE.

This is one of the simplest and prettiest knitted laces I know. I can send the insertion to match if any one would like. Will some kind friend send directions for a wide lace, say fifty or sixty stitches, which would be pretty to trim pillow-slips or aprons?

Cast on thirteen stitches, knit across first time plain.

First row—Knit three, over, narrow, over, knit five, over twice narrow, knit one.

Second row—Knit three, seam one, knit three, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

Third row—Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.

Fourth row—Knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one.

Fifth row—Knit three, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow.

Sixth row—Knit eight, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

Seventh row—Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four, bind off four, knit one.

Eighth row—Knit six, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one. Repeat from the first row.

Should it be desired to make this lace wider, extra stitches may be cast on and two rows of open-work made for the heading (by repeating the first "over, narrow," in the odd rows), or the lower part of the lace be widened in the same way. By using a little thought and ingenuity any simple pattern may be changed, widened, or narrowed to suit the worker's fancy.

BARBARA.

[Directions for a very handsome wide lace, for which space cannot be spared at present, will be sent you if desired.]

—

"HOME" RECIPES.

NICE DARK PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one-fourth cup butter, the same of sugar, the same of sweet milk, one-and one-half cups of flour, three eggs, one half teaspoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon, and soda, and a pinch of salt. Steam one hour in a buttered pan, and avoid raising the lid of the steamer during the cooking process, else the pudding will be apt to fall and be heavy. Serve with sauce made of one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, and one teaspoonful of corn-starch; stir the corn-starch well with the sugar, then pour on one-half pint of boiling water, stirring until cooked. Flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon extract. It is always better not to boil butter with sauce of this kind, as continued cooking renders it oily; the butter should be added just before removing the sauce from the fire.

MISS A. M.

—

LADIES' CAKE.—One cup of butter well-creamed with two of white sugar, one cup of sweet cream, four cups of flour, one-half spoonful of baking-powder, and the whites of eight eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with almond, rose, or lemon, and ice with boiled icing.

J. B.

—

APPLE PUDDING.—This is a handy little recipe in which other fruit may take

the place of the apples if desired. If apples are used, take good, easily-cooked ones, pare, core, and cut in six or eight pieces, according to size, put two layers in the bottom of a pudding-pan, and spread over them a batter prepared of one cupful of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, a pinch of salt, and flour to make a little thicker than for cake. Bake about twenty minutes and serve with sweetened cream. If preferred, sour cream sweetened with a half-teaspoonful of soda may be used, instead of the sweet cream and baking-powder.

CHICKEN SALAD.—One chicken, three-fourths head of cabbage, yelks of three eggs, four teaspoonfuls of mustard, two cupfuls of vinegar, butter size of an egg, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook the chicken until the meat leaves the bones, chop fine, boil the eggs till very hard, chop the yelks, also the cabbage, and mix chicken, eggs, and cabbage together, adding salt and pepper. When the vinegar boils, add the butter and the mustard, which has been mixed smooth in a little cold vinegar, pour over the salad and let stand two or three hours before serving.

DELICATE CAKE.—Whites of six eggs, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

MRS. FRANK EVERTS.

—

MARBLED CAKE.—*Light part.*—One and one-half cups of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, whites of four eggs beaten stiff, two and one-half cups of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking-powder, flavor with vanilla or lemon.

Dark part.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk, yelks of four eggs, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful each of soda, clove, and cinnamon, and one-half cup butter. Having the two parts mixed in separate dishes, put first a layer of dark in your cake-tin, then a layer of the light, and so continue until both are used. This is excellent, and I should like the "HOME" sisters to try it.

Will not some friend tell me how to crochet a lambrequin? And, may I come again?

AN IOWA READER.

[Indeed, you may, and we shall expect to receive an answer to your request from some "HOME" reader in return for the cake recipe with which you have favored us.]

—

EXTRA NICE PICKLES.—Pick the cucumbers when of proper size, every day, spread them until the second day, then select all the good ones, wash carefully, put them in a jar, sprinkle on them two tablespoonfuls of salt to every quart of cucumbers, pour over all enough boiling water to cover, and let them remain until the next day. Then drain off the water, and repeat the process just described, adding the same amount of salt; next day, again, take the cucumbers from the jar, place then in a wooden vessel or stone jar as large as you wish to fill, heat, boiling hot, as much good vinegar as will cover them, and pour over the cucumbers, covering closely. If the vinegar is very strong, add one pint of water to four pints of the former. Continue in this way until the vessel is full. Boil the old vinegar, adding what is necessary of new as often as you put in cucumbers, let the whole remain for two weeks, then drain them and boil enough new vinegar to cover, adding spices and a small piece of alum, pour it on, cover the whole with two or three thicknesses of horse-radish leaves, and you will not be out of good pickles while these last. They will keep for two years. As I have often been asked my recipe for making so good pickles, I decided to send it for the benefit of other "HOME" housekeepers. I have used it for twenty-five years and always with perfect success.

AUNT MARTHA.

—

TO BOIL RICE (Southern way).—After thoroughly washing and picking the rice, put it on in enough cold water to cover it well, let it boil briskly for ten minutes, stirring occasionally, then pour off all or nearly all the water, cover the vessel, and place on the back of the stove, where the rice will steam slowly for fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally. If not dry enough at the end of that time,

steam a little longer. Rice, when properly cooked, should be soft and white, every grain separate and alone. I think the best boiler for cooking it is the granite or agate iron-ware. MRS. A. L. C.

NOTELETS.

DEAR EDITOR:—Can you inform me whether the widows of retired army and navy officers are entitled to a pension from the United States Government? Also, who was the author of "Beautiful Snow," if that is the title of the poem containing the lines:

"All the ground is white with snow,
All the trees are covered with snow,
All the air is thick with snow,
For all the world is snowing."

M. L. G.

[We think the widows of retired army and navy officers are not entitled to pensions, under ordinary circumstances; you can ascertain to a certainty, however, by consulting a reliable pension agent. The reply to your second question we shall hope to receive from some of our readers.]

It will soon be getting time for early vegetables, and perhaps my way of washing new potatoes will be of use to some "HOME" housekeeper. I keep a stiff little brush broom for the purpose, putting the potatoes in a dish of water and churning them briskly about with this. A minute or two suffices to remove every vestige of the tender skin, after which a thorough rinsing in clear water completes the process. Will some sister give plain and tested directions for doing up shirts so they will be smooth and glossy? Also tell me how to feed a canary bird—a singer?

ANNA L. WALKER.

ACTION. Preparation for action and for events is important; so are judgment, skill, and energy in them; but it is perhaps equally necessary to know how to act after they have taken place. This period is too often regarded as a closing up of the account, a time when action must cease and give place to endurance. But instead of this it is frequently a crisis in the life which is to determine much of the value and happiness of the future. For life is a series of steps, each one of which leads to the next. The afterward of one thing is but the beginning of another; the sequel of one thing is the prelude of the next. The same spirit in which we receive a joy or endure a sorrow, in which we gain a triumph or bear a failure, will infuse itself into our future and will bear a large share in its character.

THE boy who leaves at the end of a common school course with a love for reading good books is better prepared for a life of honor and influence than one who has passed through a high school without that love; and he who has an ordinary school education combined with a taste for good reading is better equipped for the duties of life than the graduate of the best college or university in the country without that taste.

"FAINT heart never won fair lady," or conquered difficulties, or achieved glory; but insolent assumption is more contemptible than a lack of moral courage. Be determined, fearless, energetic—not impudent. Stick up for your own rights with all your soul and with all your strength, but never infringe a hair's breadth on the rights of others.

WERE sympathy pruned of its redundant branches and its vital sap directed into proper channels, its fruit would contribute far more effectively than it now does for the healing of the nations, and the law of kindness would be much better fulfilled.

WORK and play are seeming antipodes, yet without play work will be unprofitable, and without work play will be unpleasurable.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

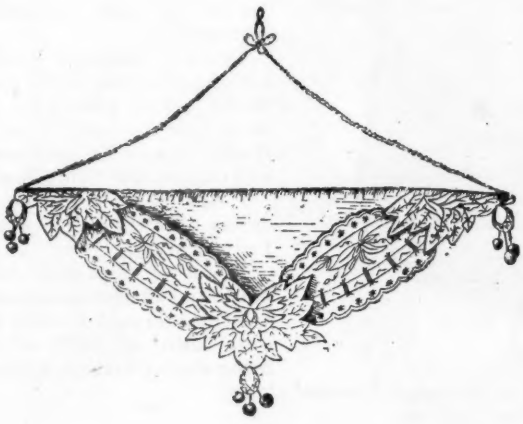
NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.

TO the feminine mind there is an unmistakable satisfaction in exploring and examining the contents of a tempting store devoted to the display and sale of new kinds of needlework, and ladies who are skilled in the use of their needles should certainly in these days have no difficulty in finding numerous pretty novelties, either traced or commenced, which after the pleasurable occupation of working is ended, will form charming additional knick-knacks for the decoration of their own or their friends' rooms.

For those who have an abundance of leisure and patience, many large pieces of work are prepared upon foundations of different materials, the designs most in vogue being conventional in character, with delicate curves and graceful scrolls, which are usually intended to be filled in with different embroidery, lace, and fancy stitches, any number of which are now being introduced.

Among the most popular articles arranged to display this elaborate kind of needlework are summer quilts, cot coverlets, tea-table and sideboard cloths.

There seems to be a perfect *furore* for cushions just now of every style and shape.



HEAD-REST.



WORK-BAG.

One of the prettiest that I have seen should commend itself to such of my readers as are clever with their paint-brushes, and it would be by no means difficult to make up at home.

It was the shape of a large fan, the upper portion being of golden-green satin, having a loosely-tied posy of mauvé and white lilac painted upon it; the upper edge of the cushion was finished with a

full frill of the green satin, while the lower part was composed of biscuit-brown satin, and upon this the sticks or mounts of the fan were represented by some cleverly painted shadows. Thus the entire outline of the cushion was in the shape of a fully opened fan, and the effect was remarkably novel and pretty.

Another in the same shape had a group of wild roses and marguerites painted upon a ground-work of old-gold satin; and a trail of Virginia creeper would look well upon a silver-gray foundation, or if preferred, embroidery could be easily substituted for the painting.

Another effective cushion was composed



WALL-POCKET.

of two three-cornered pieces of brocaded silk, one of a pale-cream color, and the other of a rich shade of pomegranate. These two pieces were joined so that a square was formed, the join being covered by a narrow gold galloon.

Across this square was arranged a spray of lilies and foliage, the flowers being cut out of white cloth, delicately shaded by painting, and attached to the pomegranate foundation in *appliqué*, the stitches being worked with white filoselle, while the foliage, which was arranged to lie partly over each piece of brocaded satin, was entirely worked in delicate tints of green filoselle.

This cushion was intended to be finished with a thick cord, in which the peculiar shade of pomegranate was blended with pale green, cream, and a little tinsel.

A third cushion, which I saw and admired, is triangular in shape, and is called the new head-rest.

This was made of grayish-blue plush, and had a kind of scarf-like trimming of *vieux rose* cloth, upon which a design was traced and perforated for working in gold thread or colored silks. This cushion, which was stuffed so softly that there would be no difficulty in passing the needle through, was quite complete, being prettily finished off with cord and pompons of the combined colors intermixed with gold thread.

This little novelty will probably find favor with those who do not require a piece of needlework which would take some time to finish, and who dislike the trouble and expense of "mounting" their work after it is completed.

The new head-rest would be a very pretty and useful present for an elderly person, for when hung over the back of an arm-chair, it forms the most inviting and comfortable "slumber-roll."

I was also shown the very dainty little work-bag, of which I give a sketch.

It was of terra-cotta colored plush and Chartreuse-green felt, and lined throughout with terra-cotta satin, the style of work being similar to the head-rest described above.

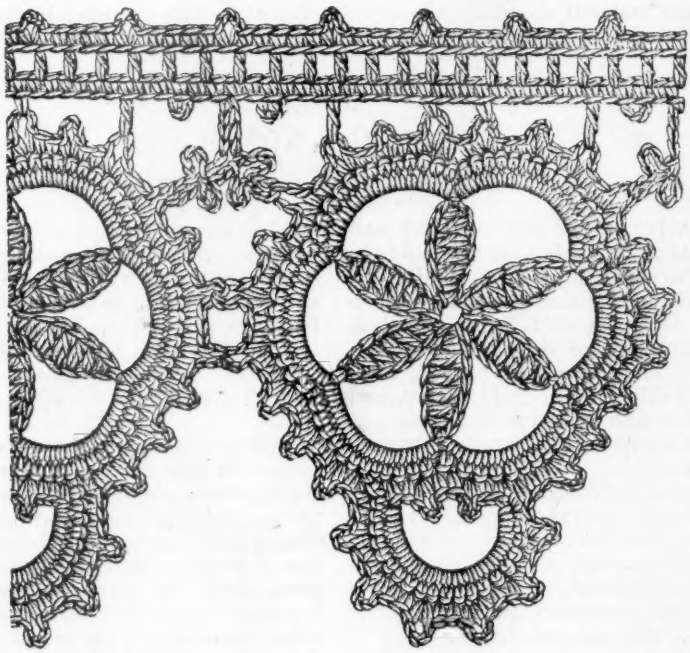
WALL-POCKET.

THIS bedroom wall-pocket is made of gray rep and terra-cotta satin. Cut the front and back each of the gray material. On each half of the front work the scroll; it is to be worked solidly in Kensington stitch, with dark terra-cotta silk and gold thread. Line the back with terra-cotta satin, interlined with foundation, and face the front with satin at the top and bottom in the space indicated, covering the junction with metallic braid. Connect the front and back by means of a strip of the gray material an inch and a half wide, faster-

ing in a satin piping. Stitch across the top of the back, and below the stitching slip in a slender curtain rod of polished wood, to which a thick silk cord to hang the bag by is attached.

CROCHET EDGING.

IT is worked with cream-colored Kensington crochet thread. Crochet for it as follows: First row.—Make eight chain for a leaflet, going back over which pass one, and work a single crochet, four double crochet, a single crochet, and slip stitch on the rest. Work five more leaflets like the first, and in connection with it; and continuing for the second row, work eight slip stitches along the other side of the first eight chain; then nine chain and a slip stitch on the tip of the next leaflet, repeated six times. Third row.—Twelve single around each nine chain, closing with a slip on the first single in the row; then turn the work, and going back over the last row work for the fourth row a single on the back vein of every stitch, closing with a slip on the first. Fifth row.—Turn the work; a single on the next stitch, a picot, for which make two single separated by three chain on the succeeding stitch, three times by turns two single on the next two, and a picot on the succeeding one, then a single on the next; repeat five times, but in the second repetition, instead of the second picot work a single on the next and twelve chain, connect to the preceding third picot, work sixteen single around the twelve chain, and one single on the same stitch with the single from which the twelve chain started, then turn, sixteen single on the back veins of the preceding sixteen, a slip stitch on the first single of the picot to which the twelve chain were connected, turn, a picot on the first single, five times two single on the next two and a picot on the succeeding one, then a slip on the slip stitch worked after the first sixteen single, after which resume the pattern of the fifth row. This completes one leaf or point; begin each separately and work it in the same manner, but connect the



CROCHET EDGING.

second and third picots of the fourth pattern to the third and second picots of the first pattern on the preceding leaf. Having worked the requisite number crochet along the top as follows: First row.—A double crochet around the second picot of the fifth pattern on the first leaf to begin; * five chain, a single around the following second picot, three chain, a single around the next picot, five chain, a double around the following second picot, three chain, a downward picot (for which make five chain, drop the stitch from the needle, insert the needle in the first of the five chain, and pull the stitch through), seven chain, three downward picots, but connect the middle picot to the next picot on the first leaf, connect to the sixth of the preceding seven chain, one chain, three downward picots, connecting the middle one to the following second picot of the next leaf, then connect to preceding single chain, three chain, connect to the third of the preceding seven chain, two chain, a picot downward, three chain, a double around the next picot; repeat from *. Second row.—A single on every stitch. Third row.—A chain, a double on the next second stitch. Fourth row.—Five single on the following five, for a picot two single separated by three chain on the succeeding one.

FASHION NOTES.

SO lovely are the new cambrics and sateens that it has become quite the custom to make these up very dressily, and with much trimming for fêtes, garden parties, and other smart functions. Some of the finer sateens closely imitate foulard, both in color and design, and if made with full silk vests in light shades, and the bodice with crossed folds fastening at the side, are quite stylish enough for afternoon wear.

Embroidered robes in white cambric, or in the pale pink and blue zephyrs, are less worn than formerly; but embroidery is by no means old, although dark tints are more favored, particularly deep Indian and strawberry reds, or the full shades of rose and geranium.

Many of the embroidered flouncings are put in flat plaits at the sides, and have two or four mitred seams to draw the front closely to the figure; but this is a hazardous proceeding if the figure is at all inclined to *embonpoint*, and a few gathers are more generally becoming. Bordered robes are made with the border lengthways from the waist on either side, and a piece used with the border across the edge to form the front, by which plan the troublesome task of joining on the border is avoided, and the skirt is in the present straight style.

Charming little fête gowns are made of nainsook muslin, with insertions of yellow lace, either real torchon or in the antique valenciennes. One nainsook gown had the sleeve made with three lengthway stripes of insertion, and a quaint gathered frill of lace set on to the plain round basque, and again at the neck, and as epaulettes to the sleeve, the frill here looped in the centre with a bow of velvet ribbon.

Parisians are using colored silk foundations for light delaines and foulards, but the skirt is generally of the same color as the pattern, or in one of its leading tints. Thus a pale ivory tinted delaine, with design of small purple clematis and shaded green leaves, can equally be draped over a purple or green skirt, and the front is either plain and cut up to show the foundation, or the front forms a square drapery open on either side, and connected with the side drapery by bows of velvet ribbon. Sometimes one side only is open, and the other slightly looped to show the skirt, or it may be open quite to the waist, and laid in a deep fold on either side, this attached to the skirt.

The very dressy costume at the top of page 729 is of ivory sateen—very fine, and almost like foulard—with a delicate heliotrope design running over it. The drapery in front is very slightly looped over the hips, and opens at the side in a fashion much favored for soft materials. The panel is of plain heliotrope sateen,

with a deep border of thick white insertion lace, which panel is repeated on the right side; but the drapery being forming a point in front; but the back is of the fancy sateen, and forms small tabs just below the waist. The full "leg



straighter here, the panel is in consequence much less in width.

The front of the bodice is of the plain sateen drawn full over the lining, and of mutton" sleeves are also of the fancy material, and the zouave over-front is formed of thick white insertion lace.

No. 2 on the left hand is of *vieux rose*

zephyr with a tiny ribbed line of its own color, which gives it almost the appearance of stuff. This is combined with a very showy plaid in shades of pink, plaid, dividing the plain sides from the gathered back of plain material.

The bodice has a round plaited basque at the back, and a square opening in pin-



grenat, and brown, which is made up on the straight. The front is straight, and formed from half a width of the plaid, and there are narrow panels, or strips of afore fashion both back and front, which is filled in with the plaid—the front part only being full. The sleeve-lining is tight fitting, the lower part faced with plain to



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

form a cuff, the upper part of plaid forming a deep pouff.

No. 3 is a charming little frock of deep yellowish ivory lawn, trimmed with coffee-tinted lace, in which there are red designs. The skirt drapery is draped on the hips, and opened on either side over a simulated petticoat of dark red bengaline, and the trimming is carried round the opening, and outlines the whole of the front.

The bodice is very pretty with its full front of soft ivory lawn, but red bengaline may be substituted if preferred. The basque is short, but cut of equal depth all round, and the lace which passes round the basque and up each side of the front forms a V half-way down the centre of the back.

The sleeves are similar to those of No. 2, but the cuff is much deeper, and the material being soft and unpatterned, the top pouff is considerably fuller.

The sketches on page 730 illustrate some of the leading fashions of the moment. The little lace visite at the top of the page is made on a lining of coarse net, which is shaped to the figure, and has a plastron of corded silk; but beads are extremely effective, and so is a plaiting of lace or a line of guipure trimming laid over the silk plastron. The back is laid in folds in exactly the same fashion as the front, and the sleeves are also made on a net foundation. Piece lace or figured Russian or Brussels net may be used for this visite, with lace edging to finish the various parts.

The costume on the left hand is very piquant in style, and suits those who prefer something unlike that which is universally worn. It is very useful in soft materials for a home dinner gown, more especially in soft crépe cloth in some delicate tint, and mixed with velvet of contrasting color. Our model is, however, intended for ordinary wear, with a large hat of fancy straw and lace, trimmed with the tiny heliotrope flowers commonly known as "cherry pie."

The skirt is made on the new close-fitting foundation, minus steel or pad, and this to about half the depth is faced with petunia velvet. The draperies are of fine heliotrope cashmere in a new reddish tint, and bordered with a narrow gimp, slightly flecked with tinsel. The short bodice is somewhat in Swiss style, and is cut in a low square in the front, and a short V at the back. The simulated chemisette is arranged on the bodice lining, and the velvet laid over it. The sleeves are made on a close-fitting lining and fulled both on the top and at each seam.

The very graceful toilette on the right hand is of olive-green velvet, reseda foulé, and a narrow passementerie of gimp and fine green beads in various shades.

This trimming is very narrow, but most effective, and the ceinture belt piece is made of the foulé, stiffened with the canvas sold for interlining collar-bands, and then covered with the trimming, which is so arranged as nearly to cover it.

The bodice is of the open-coat type, but made all in one piece, the folding vest arranged on the bodice lining, and the right side crossing over to the left, with the belt fixed to it.

Each side of the under front or vest is differently cut, but this only requires some little care in fitting, and should be fastened down the centre from the lining, and then again on the left side.

The sleeves are made on a closely-shaped lining, the lower part faced with velvet as far as the elbow, which gives a small, compact appearance, and the top is slightly plaited at the seams as well as the top.

The skirt is very graceful, and yet plain at the top as now worn; the front drapery falls low on the right side, and is open and slightly raised on the left, the plaits collected by a buckle. The small side drapery is made in one with the back, and has a V-gore to make it plain and close.

Fig. 1, on page 731, is a gingham street costume trimmed with embroidery.

Fig. 2.—Gown of figured foulard with narrow knife-plaited trimming.

HEALTH is the only riches that a man ought to set a value on, for without it all men are poor, let their estates be what they will.

THE only faith which wears well and holds its colors in all weather is that which is woven of conviction.



VERY HUNGRY.